

# Newport The Mercury.

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## The Mercury.

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**THE NEWPORT MERCURY** was established in June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and forty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large monthly paper, four columns wide, containing much interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable features and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the printed page given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Terms: \$200 a year to advance. Single copies in wrappers, five cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

### Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

MALMOR LODGE No. 18, N. E. O. P., William H. Thomas, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursday evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Robert Lourie, President; Robert Johnston, Secretary; meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday evenings of each month.

REEDWYNS LODGE, No. 11, R. O. P., James P. Beaumont, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain George A. Wilcox; Everett L. Gorton, Recorder; meets first Friday evening in each month.

NEWPORT CAMP, No. 777, M. W. A. F., Augustus Ward, Vice, Consul; Charles S. Peckham, Clerk. Meets 2nd and last Tuesday evenings of each month.

## Local Matters.

### School Committee.

The monthly meeting of the school committee was held Monday evening and in the absence of Chairman Dr. C. F. Barker, Mr. Perry was elected temporary chairman. The superintendent's report was read. After giving comparative statements of school attendance he called attention to the large number of cases of tardiness reported and urged that the pupils learn punctuality in school attendance. He spoke of the R. I. Institute of Construction, saying that all but seven of the Newport teachers attended and of these seven, six were absent with cause. An acknowledgment of the contribution to aid the Galveston public schools has been received. The need of physical exercise was set forth and a recommendation was made that the teachers be encouraged to visit schools in other cities and report their observations at the superintendent's office.

The report of Truant Officer Epham was read, covering the time from October 1 to November 11, inclusive. Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 347; number found to be truants, 27; number out for illness and other causes, 320; number found not attending school, 24; number sent to public schools, 21; number sent to Catholic schools, 3. He recommended that two habitual truants be prosecuted according to law.

Recommendations of both the superintendent and truant officer were adopted and it was suggested that hereafter the truant officer report the results in cases where prosecution was recommended.

The committee on text books recommended that free text books should be supplied to pupils from other towns in the high school but that the rates of tuition should be adjusted to conform to this action, the finance committee to give the matter consideration. The same committee recommends the adoption of Larwood's History of England, the new commercial Packard Arithmetic and Richardson's Law.

A communication from William Ellery Chapter, D. A. R., offering a prize for the best essay on American History to be prepared by the students of the First Grammar grade was referred to the sub committee on that grade with power to act.

A leave of absence with salary was granted to Miss M. S. Martin until March next. The salary of Miss Catherine Casey, matron of the Parish school, was raised from \$19 to \$20 a year.

Next week will occur the fair and festival of the Newport Military Band at Masonic Hall. On Monday evening Mayor Boyle and the members of the city council will attend by special invitation.

The marriage of Miss Grace Perkins, whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. William A. Maher, will take place on Thursday, November 29, at St. Mary's Church.

Dr. Frederick Bradley, of this city, has been elected vice president of the American Academy of Dental Science.

### Incendiary Fires.

Dennis John M. Bell Held by the Police—Fires were all in Bellevue Avenue District.

Dennis John M. Bell, son of Dr. C. M. Bell, a wealthy physician of New York, is under bail in the sum of \$5,000, to await the action of the grand jury on a charge of arson. The fires which he is supposed to be responsible for are those that occurred in the Mahoney stable on Friday evening last and in the bathing pavilion at Bailey's beach on Sunday evening. Both fires were undoubtedly of incendiary origin. The warrant which was served on Bell charges him with setting fire to the Bailey's beach pavilion.

Young Bell is a member of a wealthy and evidently respectable family. He himself has given evidence of a desire to take a part in municipal affairs, having been a delegate to and secretary of the Republican city convention for the recent election. When the Coggeshall school building was dedicated something over a year ago he donated a flag and staff and made a neat speech of presentation. He has been looked upon as a most exemplary young man. If guilty of the charges brought against him it is undoubtedly due to irresponsibility on this one point. His family have the sympathy of the entire community, although it is generally agreed that steps must be taken to prevent further occurrences of this nature.

In our issue of last week it was stated that the cottage on the corner of Ochre Point and Ruggles avenues, the property of Mrs. Julia F. Eldridge, was burning. Two alarms were sent in but the flames were confined to the interior of the house and were soon gotten under control, not without considerable damage to the building and contents, however. The damage will amount to several thousand dollars, fully covered by insurance. The fire evidently started in the cellar, but there had been no one in the house for a week, as far as known, and there was no fire in any stove or heater.

A little after six o'clock the same evening an alarm from Box 57 called the department to the stable on the property of J. H. Mahoney on Bellevue and Lake View avenues. The damage was slight, being confined to the interior. Another alarm from the same box at about eight o'clock brought the department back to the scene in a hurry and this time a more serious blaze was in progress. Flames were bursting through the roof of the stable and it was evident that little could be done except to protect the adjoining property. Carriages and harnesses were removed and the fire then burned itself out. The destruction was practically total and was insured. Like the Eldridge fire there was no apparent cause for accidental fire.

Sunday evening Box 57 again called out the department, the scene this time being the bathing pavilion at Bailey's Beach. The fire appeared to be principally at the entrance and seemed to be but slight, but the firemen found they had a hard fight before it was extinguished. This part of the building was used for storing some of the property used at the beach and the damage to building and contents will foot up in the neighborhood of \$1,000. The loss is covered by insurance. There was pretty positive evidence of the presence of an incendiary at this fire.

The residents of lower Bellevue avenue and vicinity were in a state of apprehension panic until the police made their arrest, but it is believed now that the danger of incendiary fires is at an end.

According to a report of the court of inquiry which investigated the recent series of collisions between the torpedo boats Dahlgren and Craven Lieutenants Brown of the Craven, and Miller of the Dahlgren have been censured by Secretary Long. Lieutenant Miller is said to have erred in not indicating to the Craven his proposed change of course, and Lieutenant Brown was at fault in not maintaining a sufficient lookout.

Last evening was the date set for a memorial service to the late Lucius D. Davis in Touto Chapel by the colored people of Newport. Prominent speakers were expected to be present from all over the country.

Dr. O. W. Huntington, head master of Chayne school, sustained painful injuries to his eye while conducting laboratory work last Saturday morning. He was obliged to go to Boston to consult an oculist.

Oiler McLoughlin, of the torpedo boat Stringham, was taken to the Newport Hospital Wednesday, suffering from a broken jaw, received while the torpedo boat was getting underway.

Mr. George H. Norman, with her daughter, Miss Matel Norman, will remain abroad all winter, returning to Newport early next summer.

### City Council.

The November meeting of the city council was held last Friday evening, when the financial committee's report was adopted and bills ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

Poor Department,	\$300 01
City Asylum,	855 22
Fire Department,	541 61
Highways and Highways,	2,031 61
Side-walks,	12,112 61
Special Sidewalk Repairs,	765 20
Henry and Seminary,	1,022 37
Public Schools,	5,682 01
Public Parks,	211 00
New City Hall,	3,219 87
Police Fund,	32 00
Public Buildings,	837 10
Burial Grounds,	50 00
Ward Meetings,	827 91
Thomas Chapman Estate,	31 68
Lighting Streets,	3,178 00
Board of Education Synagogue Fund,	83 00
Book, Stationery and Printing,	500 00
Incendiary,	501 57

Resolveds were adopted authorizing the presentation to members of the city council of the desks and chairs they occupied, when the old city hall should be vacated, and authorizing the committee on public property to advertise for proposals for leasing the old city hall for one or more years and report to the city council.

On recommendation of the tax assessors certain taxes were ordered remitted. A deed from J. H. Crosby and others of the upper part of Sherman street was referred to the committee on streets and highways, with power to accept when approved by the city solicitor. A claim against the city of \$4000 by Alice Geraghty for damages sustained by falling into a ditch on Levin street was referred to the committee on finance. A petition from the Providence Telephone Company for permission to lay conduits in certain streets was referred to the highway committee with power to act.

The board of aldermen received the report of the commissioners appointed to survey the proposed new highways in the second and fifth wards and a public hearing on the matter was set for December 4.

A number of petitions for new side walks and street lights were received and referred.

### The Chrysanthemum Show.

The annual chrysanthemum exhibition by the Newport Horticultural Society was fully equal if not superior to previous exhibitions by this society. Masonic Hall was a scene of beauty with its masses of showy flowers and plants, skillfully arranged by expert florists. Although the chrysanthemums were in progress, flowers were bursting through the root of the stable and it was evident that little could be done except to protect the adjoining property. Carriages and harnesses were removed and the fire then burned itself out. The destruction was practically total and was insured. Like the Eldridge fire there was no apparent cause for accidental fire.

There were many exhibits of more than ordinary worth from out of town people, while the gardeners from the "Nook" have reason to feel proud of their contribution. A new rose, resembling the American Beauty in all respects save color, which is a delicate pink, was sent by a Philadelphia florist and was the recipient of much admiration. A splendid set of chrysanthemum plants was shown by John Barr, gardener for Mrs. P. B. Cheney, of Natick. There were many other exhibits of great merit but space forbids a mention of each.

The judges for the show were Messrs. Keightley Finleyson and James Wheeler, of Brookline, and William J. Stewart of Boston.

Many of the city officers have taken up their permanent abode in the new city hall. The location of offices does not entirely suit those who occupy them and there has already been a dispute between the departments in regard to choice of locations.

Invitations are issued for the wedding of Miss Curry Connally and Mr. Walter Scott Andrew, at Washington, on Tuesday, December 4, at St. John's Church at noon. A wedding breakfast will follow at the residence of the bride's home, 1736 M street.

The first snow of the season fell on Thursday. The storm continued for some time but the ground was soft and the snow melted as soon as it fell. Block Island steamer Danielson was delayed for more than an hour by the storm.

A biographical picture of the apprentices at the training station was taken Wednesday while the boys were going through landing drill and sham battle.

Captain Edgar A. Mearns, surgeon at Fort Adams, has been granted six months leave on surgeon's certificate of disability.

Mr. Fred Stackpole, who has been ill for the past ten weeks with the typhoid fever, failed to sit up three or four hours a day.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Caswell, of New Bedford, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Tallman on Central court.

### Red Fire Galore.

Newport was a Blaze of Light when the Republicans Celebrated Their Victory.

Tuesday evening was the date set for the jubilation over the recent sweeping Republican success at the polls and the event was celebrated in fitting manner. It is possible that the majority of the citizens considered that they were celebrating Mr. Garretson's victory more than the national affair, and if so they were well entitled to do so. Mr. Garretson's success was so pleasing to the greater number of citizens and the previous efforts to dislodge the Democratic incumbent had failed so disastrously, that a celebration in his honor was well merited.

The parade was one of the largest and best political affairs ever seen in this town. The line was long and was composed of a fine body of men, most of them veterans. In Jamestown, were called for trial, Poehl retracted his plea of not guilty and pleaded nolo to the charge of breaking and entering. He was sentenced to 11 months in the Providence county jail. Sheridam Massey was called for sentence. He pleaded guilty to assault with a dangerous weapon, the offense being committed in Middletown. His sentence was for 6 months in the Providence county jail. Lizzie Poultier pleaded not guilty to the charge against her and was released on her personal recognizance.

Henry Poehl, Herbert H. Kenny, and Joseph P. Sullivan, against whom the grand jury found indictments for breaking and entering and larceny at Jamestown, were called for trial.

Foehl retracted his plea of not guilty and pleaded nolo to the charge of entering the Rogers' cottage. Kenny pleaded guilty. Sullivan stood for trial. Mr. Severance, who has charge of Mrs. Rogers' cottage, identified property shown in court. Members of the garrison at Fort Greble were called as witnesses.

In many places there were quite elaborate set decorations, which, when lighted, added brilliancy to the scene. Along Thames street the business houses were quite generally illuminated and red fire was burned. Rhode Island avenue is entitled to the credit of being the best illuminated, however, as it was a blaze of light and fireworks from end to end. At the residence of Postmaster A. C. Landers there were quite elaborate decorations and a beautiful display of fireworks. This was the firework station and Col. Landers had as his guests Messrs. Melville Bull, congressman elect, and Frederick P. Garretson, major elect, as well as most of the prominent Republicans of the city. Refreshments were served after the parade had passed.

The line was made up as follows:

Colonel Foehl, in command of the

and staff, mounted Police.

Newport Band.

Gun Squad, 3, S. Coggeshall, 2d Captain.

McKinley and Roosevelt, 2d Captain.

Colonel F. G. T. Smith, commanding.

First Battalion, Major John Maud, Com-

mander.

Father Mathe, Continental Band.

Second Battalion, Major Van Horne, Com-

mander.

McKinley and Roosevelt, 2d Captain.

Seventh Artillery Band.

Automobiles with Loredex.

F. P. Garretson Association, W. J. Correns, Marshall.

Roxbury High School Boys.

Newport Military Band.

Twentieth Century Automobile Association.

Newport Bugle and Drum Corps.

Newport Drum Corps.

Newport Archæological.

Middletown Cavalry.

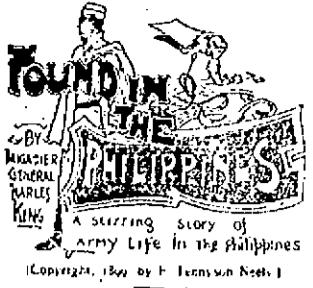
Important Real Estate Sale.

Dellois & Eldridge have sold for Mr. Rutherford Stayvesant, of New York, his lot of land extending from Harrison avenue to the harbor, containing about 345,400 square feet, to Mr. Arthur T. Kemp of this city. This is the finest unimproved piece of property offered in the market. Mr. Kemp's purchase is adjacent on the east by "Pen Craig," belonging to the Hon. Shubley Webster, and on the west by Mr. Henry White's place "Edgerton," occupied for the past two years by Mr. Almerie H. Page, of New York.

A story which has been published in local papers to the effect that ex-Chief of Police Pardon S. Kaull has entered suit against the city to recover the amount that would be due him as salary for the remainder of his term of office had he not been suspended by the appointee of the police commission is untrue. The story undoubtedly grew out of the fact that Mr. Kaull has attached a sum of money in the city treasurer's hands to secure a personal indebtedness.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Barker have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in their recent bereavement by the death of their only child, Charles Louis Barker, who died on Monday last. Although he was but two years old he was a very bright child. He had been sick but a few days and his death was a great shock to his parents.

The elementary evening schools opened for the winter season Monday evening and the evening drawing



BY  
MAGISTER  
GENERAL  
CHARLES  
KING  
A stirring story of  
Army Life in the Philippines  
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## CHAPTER IX.

One of the most charming writers of our day and generation has declared that "the truest blessing a girl can have" is "the ingenuous devotion of a young boy's heart." Nine mothers in ten will probably take issue with the gifted author on that point, and though no longer a young girl in years, whatever she might be in looks, Margaret Garrison would gladly have sent the waiting gentleman to the right about, for, though he was only 20, "Gov" Prime, as a junior at Columbia, had been ingenuously devoted to the little lady from the very first evening he saw her. A boy of frank, impulsive nature, was "Gov"—a boy still in spite of the budding mustache, the 20 summers and the barely passed "extem" that wound up the junior year and entitled him to sit with the seniors when the great university opened its doors in October. Studies he hated, but tennis, polo, cricket, riding and dancing were things he loved and excelled in. Much of his boyhood had been spent in one of these healthy, hearty English schools where all that would cultivate physical and mental manhood was assiduously practiced, and all that would militate against them was as rigorously "banned."

At the coming of his twentieth birthday that summer his father had handed him his check of \$5,000—the paternal expression of satisfaction that his boy had never smoked pipe, cigar or cigarette—and the same week "Gov" had carried off the blue ribbon with the racquet, and the second prize with the single sculls. It was "during the exams," the first week in June, when dropping in for five o'clock tea of some girls whom he had known for years, he was presented to this witching little creature whose name he didn't even catch. "We met her way out at an army post in Wyoming when papa took us to California last year," was whispered to him, "and they entertained us so cordially, and of course we said if ever you come to New York you must be sure to let us know—and she did—but—" and there his informant paused, dubious. Other callers came in and it began to rain—a sudden, drenching shower, and the little stranger from the far west saw plainly enough that her hostesses, though presenting their friends after our cheery American fashion, were unable to show her further attention, and the newly presented—almost all women, said "so very pleased" but failed to look it, or otherwise to manifest their pleasure. She couldn't go in the rain. The butler had phoned for a cab. She wouldn't sit there alone and neglected. She deliberately signaled Mr. Prime. "The ladies are all busy," she said, with a charmingly appealing smile, "but I know you can tell me. I have to dress for dinner after I get home, and must be at One Hundred and Tenth street at 7:30. How long will it take to get a carriage to drive me there? Oh, is that your society pin? Why, are you still in college? Why, I thought!"

That cub was 25 minutes coming, and when it came Mr. Prime went with it and her, whom he had not left an instant from the moment of her question. Moreover, he discovered she was nervous about taking that carriage drive all along away up to One Hundred and Tenth street, yet what other way could a girl go in evening dress? He left her at her door with a reluctantly given permission to return in an hour and escort her to the distant home of her friends and entertainers. He drove to the Waldorf and had a light dinner with a half pint of hock, devoured her with his eyes as they drove rapidly northward, went to a Harlem theater while she dined and forgot him, and was at the carriage door when she came forth to be driven home. Seven hours or less "had done the business" so far as Gouverneur Prime was concerned.

It was the boy's first wild infatuation—as mad, unreasoning, absurd, yet intense as was ever that of Arthur Pendennis for the lovely Fotheringay. Margaret Garrison had never seen or known the like of it. She had fascinated others for a time, had kindled love, passion and temporary devotion, but this—this was worship, and it was something so sweet to her jaded senses, something so rich and spontaneous, that she gave herself up for a day or two to the delight of studying it. Here was a glorious young athlete whose eyes followed her every move and gesture, who hung about her in utter captivation, whose voice trembled and whose eyes implored, yet whose strong, brown, shapely hand never dared so much as touch hers, except when she extended it in greeting. He was to accompany his father and sister to Europe in a week, so what harm was there? He would forget all about it. He knew now she was married. He was presented to Nita, but had hardly a word and never a look for her when Margaret was near. He was dumb and miserable all the day they drove in the park and later dined at Delmonico's with Col. Frost. He was sick, even when mounted on his favorite English thoroughbred and scampering about the bridle path for peeps at the drives, when she was at the park again with that gray-haired reprobate, that money shark, Cashton—Wall street broker black-balled at every decent club in New York. Why should she go with him? He had been most kind, she said, in the advice and aid he had given her in the investment of her little fortune. She told the lie with downcast eyes and cheeks that burned, for most of that little fortune was already frittered away, and Cashton's reports seemed to require many personal visits that had set tongues wagging at the hotels, so much frequented of the army, where she had taken a room until Nita should have been graduated and then

could go to the seashore. She had promised to be at home to her boy lover that very evening and to go with him to Daly's, and he had secured the seats four days ahead. Poor "Gov" had trotted swiftly home from the park, striving to comfort himself over his bath and irreproachable evening clothes that there with her by his side, the wild jealousy of the day would vanish. Sharply on time he had sent up his card and listened, incredulous, to the reply: "Mrs. Garrison isn't yet returned." He would wait, he said, and did wait, biting his lips, treading the floor, fuming in doubt and despair until nearly ten, when a carriage dashed up to the ladies' entrance and that vile Cashton handed her out, escorted her in and vanished. She came hurrying to her boy lover with both little hands stretched, with a face deeply flushed and words of pleading and distress rushing from her lips. "Indeed I could not help it, Gov," she cried. "I told him of my engagement and said we must not go far, but away at the north end something happened. I don't know what, a wheel was bent, and the harness wrenched by too short a turn on a stone post at a corner. Something had to be repaired. They said it wouldn't take ten minutes, and he led me out and up to the gauza of that big hotel—you know, we saw it the day I drove with you."

"He was a blackguard to take you there!" burst in Prime, the bold hollering in his veins. "Then we waited and waited and he went to hurry them, and then he came back and said they had found more serious damages—that it would take an hour, and meantime dinner had been ordered and was served. He had telephoned to you and the butler had answered all right."

"It's a double-dyed liar!" raved "Gov," furiously.

"And so what could I do, Gov?" The dinner was delicious, but I couldn't eat a mouthful. (This time it wasn't Cashton who lied.) I was worrying about you, and—and—about myself, too, "Gov." It had set my heart on going with you. It was to be almost our last evening. Oh, if you only didn't have to sail Saturday, and could be here next week, you dear boy, you should have no cause for complaint. Won't you try to forgive me?"

And, actually, tears stood in her eyes, as again she held out both hands. They were the only people in the parlor, and in an instant, with quick, sudden, irresistible action, he had clasped and drawn her to his breast, and though she did her face and struggled, passionate kisses were printed on her disheveled hair. It was the first time he had dared.

And then he did not sail Saturday. Prime, Sr., was held by most important business. They gave up the Saturday Courier and took the midweek White Star, and those four additional days riveted poor "Gov's" chains and left her well-nigh breathless with excitement. The strain had been intense. It was all she could do to make the boy try to behave in a rational way in the presence of others. When alone with her he raved. A fearful lond was lifted from her spare little shoulders when the Tentonic salled. Even Nita had worried and had seen her sister's worry. Then no sooner did "Gov" reach Europe than he began writing impassioned letters by every steamer, but that wasn't so bad. She had several magazine correspondents, some of whom wrote as often as Frank, but none of whom, to her justice, got letters as often as he did, which, however, was saying little, for she hated writing. "Gov" was to have stayed abroad three months, piloting the pater and sister about the scenes so familiar to him, but they saw how nervous and unhappy he was. They knew he was writing constantly to some one. Mildred had long since divined that there was a girl at the bottom of it all, and longed and strove to find out who she was. Through the last of June and all through July he resolutely stood to his promise and did his best to be loveling



"Would you like to go to her at once?"

and brotherly to a loving and devoted sister and dutiful to a most indulgent father. But he grew white and worn and haggard, he who had been such a picture of rugged health, and, in her utter innocence and ignorance as to the being on whom her brother had lavished the wealth of his love, Mildred began to ask herself should she not urge her father to let "Gov" return to America. At last one sweet July evening, late in the month, the brother and sister were wandering along the lovely shore of Lucerne. He had been unusually fit, restless and moody all day. No letter had reached him in over a fortnight, and he was miserably unhappy. They stopped at a greasy bank that ran down to the rippling water's edge, and she seated herself on a stone ledge, white in reckless abandonment, he threw himself at full length on the dewy grass. Instantly the last doubt vanished. Kneeling over him, her soft hand caressing his hair, she whispered: "Gov, dear boy, is it very hard? Would you like to go to her at once?" And the boy buried his face in her lap, twined his arms about her slender waist, and almost groaned aloud as he answered: "For pity's sake help me if you can, Mildred. I'm almost mad."

Early in August the swiftest steamer of the line was splitting the Atlantic surge and driving hard for home, with "Gov" cursing her for a canal boat. The day after he reached New York he had traced and followed the White Sisters to West Point, and Margaret Garrison stared in silent dismal triumph and

dismay at the card in her hand; delight that she could show those exclusive pointers that the heir to one of the oldest and best names in Gotham's Four Hundred was a slave to her sleek and call, dismayed to think of the scene that might occur through his jealousy when he saw the devoted attentions she received from so many men—officers, civilians and cadets. Old Cashton came up now as regularly as Saturday night came around, and there were others. Margaret Garrison was more talked about than any woman in Orange county, yet who could report anything of her beyond that she was a universal favorite, and danced, walked, possibly flirted with a dozen different cavaliers every day or her life. There were some few people among her numbers, demure and most proper—even prudish—women, of whom, were the truth to be told, so little could not be said.

"Gov" Prime took the only kind of room to be had in the house, so full was it—a little seven by ten box on the office floor. He would have slept in the coalbin rather than leave her. He saw her go off to the hop looking radiant, glancing back over her shoulder and smiling sweetly at him. He rushed to his trunk, dragged out his evening clothes and stood at the wall looking on until the last note of the last dance—he, a noted German leader in the younger set and the best dancer of his years in Gotham. Not so much as a single spin had he, and he longed to show those tight-waisted, button-holed fellows in gray and white how little they really knew about dancing, well as many of them appeared on the floor. His reward was tendered as the hop broke up. She came gliding to him with such wileberry in her upraised face. "Now, sir, it is your turn. I couldn't give you a dance, for my card was made out days ago, but Mr. Latrobe was glad enough to get rid of taking me home. He is deaf about Nita, and of course she can't let him take her to more than one hop a week. Mr. Stanton is her escort to-night."

Then she placed her little hand on his arm, and drew herself to his side, and when he would have followed the others, going straight across the broad plain to the lights at the hotel, turned him to the left. "I'm going to take you all the way round, sir," she said, joyously. "Then we can be by ourselves at least ten minutes longer."

And so began the second period of Gouverneur Prime's thralldom. A young civilian at the Point has few opportunities at any time, but when the lady of his love is a belle in the corps, he would much better take a long ocean voyage than he where he could hear and see, and live in daily torment. One comfort came to him when he could not be with Mrs. Garrison (who naively explained that "Gov" was such a dear boy and they were such staunch friends, real comrades, you know). He had early made the acquaintance of Lt. Latrobe, and there was a bond of sympathy between them which was none the less strong because, on Prime's side, it could neither be admitted nor alluded to—that they were desperately in love with the same woman. One of Col. Frost's consuming ambitions was to be the head of his department, with the rank of brigadier general, but he had strong rivals and knew it. Wealth he had in abundance. It was rank and power that he craved. Four men—all with better war records and more experience—stood between him and that coveted star, and two of the four were popular and beloved men. Frost was cold, selfish, intensely self-willed, indomitably persevering, and though "close-lipped" to the scale of a Scotch landlord as a rule, he would lose his pure strings and pay well for services he considered essential. When Frost had a consuming desire he let no money consideration stand in the way, and for Nita Terriss he stood ready to spend a small fortune. Everybody knew Mrs. Frank Garrison could never dress and adorn herself as she did on poor Frank Garrison's pay, and when she appeared with a dazzling necklace and a superb new gown at the garrison ball not long after Frost and his shrinking bride left for their honeymoon, people looked at her and then at each other. Nita Terriss was sold to "Jack" Frost, was the verdict, and her shrewd elder sister was the dealer. Mrs. Frank knew what people were thinking and saying just as well as though they had said it to her, yet smiled sweetness and bliss on every side. Frankly she looked up into the faces of her sisters in arms: "I know you like my necklace. Isn't it lovely?" Col. Frost's wedding present, you know. He said I shouldn't give Nita away without some recompense, and this is it."

But that could have been only a part of it, said the garrison. An honorarium in solid cash, it was believed, was for the greater portion of the consideration which the elder sister accepted for having successfully borne Nita away from the dangers and fascinations of the Point—having guarded her, drooping and languid, against the advance of good looking soldier lads at headquarters, and finally having, by dint of hours of argument, persuasion and skill, delivered her into the arms of the elderly but well preserved groom. All he demanded to know was that she was fancy-free—that there was no previous attachment, and on this point Mrs. Frank had solemnly averred there was none. The child had had a foolish fancy for a cadet beau, but it amounted to absolutely nothing. There had been no vows, no pledge, no promise of any kind, and she was actually free as air. So Frost was satisfied.

They made an odd looking pair. Frost was long built but sturdy, and Nita seemed like a fairy, indeed as unsubstantial as a wisp of vapor, as she came down the aisle on his arm. They were so far to the south on this honeymoon trip as almost to feel the shock and concussion when the Maine was blown to a mass of wreckage. They were in Washington when the congress demanded full satisfaction of Spain, and Col. Frost was told his leave was cut short—that he must return to his station at once. Going first to the Arlington and hurriedly entering the room, he almost stumbled over the body of his wife, lying close to the door in a swoon from which it took some time and the efforts of the house physician and the maids to restore her. Questioned later as to the cause, she wept hysterically and wrung her hands. She didn't know. Frost inquired at the office. A bellboy was found who said he had taken up a card in an envelope given him by a young fellow who "seemed kind of sick." Mrs. Frost took it and flopped, oral a chamberlain ran to her, and then hurried for the doctor. "What became of the letter or note or card?" asked Frost, with suspicion of jealousy in his heart. Two women, mistress and maid, and the bellboy swore they didn't know, but the maid did know. With the quick intuition of her sex and class she had seen that

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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130 Franklin Street, New York, N. Y.



"Yes, we had quite a blowout at our home early this morning."

"Peculiar time for it."

"Yes. The new hired girl blew out the gas in the gas stove, and the gas blew out the side of the kitchen,"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mainger. I see Mr. Barnpaws, the street-man, was married the other day. That was something of a come down for him.

Thigumulob. Why so?

Mediger. The wedding was nothing but a one ring performance—Philadelphia Press.

### Irish Clerical Bulls.

"My brother," said an Irish preacher on one occasion, "there are some German philosophers that say that there is no resurrection, and me, brother, it would be better for them German philosophers than like Judas Iscariot, they had never been born."

And this recalls to my mind another discourse where the preacher wound up with the comforting assurance that if we paid due attention to the instruction we had just received from him, we would return to our several homes like babes refreshed with new-made wine!"

It was on another occasion that the same speaker, continues a writer in the *Catalist Magazine*, having ascended the pulpit, gave out his text with all due solemnity as follows: "My text is taken from the 86th chapter of Genesis, and the second verse—"And Esau took his wife of the daughter of Canaan"—or rather, I should say, the 27th chapter and the 45th verse: "Bless me, even me, also, O, my father!" And then, as one of his hearers aptly remarked, he proceeded to preach a sermon which had nothing to say to either of them.

Absurdities and a weakness for metaphor are to doubt responsible for much. To the former I credit a discourse in which the reverend preacher alluded to "Goliath fighting on behalf of the Philistines, while King Solomon sat by moodily in his tent," and to the latter a striking smile, which deeply impressed the feminine portion of the congregation, who were told that "the grave was the great wardrobe of the world, where we are folded up and put by, to be taken out new at the resurrection."

"Why Hennessy, they is subversive," and "the raylection ye see of the fireworks and the roar ye hear of the distant canyon?"

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"And was there much of a exodus, Dooley?"

"The dispeches say seven, Hennessy."

### Heaven's Election Returns.

(Concluded by the recent severe thunder storm, with an apology to Mr. Justice.) "Do tell me, my friend Dooley, what is the matter with the blind? What has the birth caused to turn on its axil, or what has happened?"

"Why Hennessy, your ignorance of current events is really unparable! Haven't ye heard?"

"Naw," says Hennessy.

"Well," says Dooley, "one child of innocents and ignorant shall be enlightened at once." They have just received the election returns from Heaven."

"How did it go?" broke in Hennessy.

"There was a big Raypublican majority."

"Yer don't say," says Hennessy, "I never knew Hiven was a part of the United States before!"

"Why Hennessy, didn't ye know me friend Mark Hanna runixed it a shot time ago?"

"Well, as I was about to observe," says Dooley, "they had their little election on November 6 the same as we did, and it what Raypublican wid Raypublican majority?"

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I do not deny that there may occasionally be a want of comprehension on the part of the audience. "What was the sermon about today, May?" inquired a mistress of her domestic.

"Please, m'm," said May, twisting the corner of her apron, "I've forgotton the text, but it was about young men."

"Oh, reely," said the lady, "and what else was it about?" "Please, m'm, it was about young women, too."

"But can you tell me anything Mr. B. said?" "I couldn't repeat it exactly, m'm, for it was a mixed-up kind of sermon; but it was very interesting."

But any attempt to fathom the mind of a congregation is usually fraught with danger. A priest who had delivered what seemed to him a striking sermon was anxious to ascertain its effect on his flock. "Was the sermon today to yer likin, Pat?" he inquired of one of them. "Thruth, y'r reverence it was a grand sermon, intiely," said Pat, with such genuine admiration that his reverence felt moved to investigate further. "Was there any one part of it more than another that seemed to take hold of ye?" he inquired. "Well, now, as ye are for axin' me, le gorra, I'll tell ye. What tak' hold of me most was y'r reverence's parsonance—the way ye wot over the same thing agin and agin. Such parsonance I never did see in, any man, before since."

One sample more and I have finished, for I cannot do better than bring my article to an end with the concluding words of a sermon on grace.

"And, my brethren, if ye have in y' hearts wan spark of heavenly grace, wather it, wather it continually."

### Effective Drinking.

"The most business-like drinking bout I ever saw in my life was at a little fishing settlement on the south coast," said an enthusiastic New Orleans yachtsman, as quoted in the *Times-Democrat* of that city. "The people of that region are a mixture of all sorts of races, and live in the nudest and most primitive fashion imaginable. One evening last year, while making a cruise to Pensacola, I put in at the place to which I refer, and a luggerman whom I have known for some time took me in his shanty to get supper. Five or six native fishermen drifted in while we were eating and sat around in solemn silence, smoking pipes strong enough to raise the dead. Presently another chap put in an appearance with a good-sized bottle, filled with what turned out to be raw alcohol, and instantly all eyes began to sparkle. They poured some of the stuff into a pan, diluted it with about half its volume of water, and then my host added a few drops of essence of peruvian from a small vial which he took from his locker. That concluded the preparations, and the pan and a cracked teacup were passed around the circle. Every man took a good swig and then resumed smoking. Nothing was said, and my efforts to start a conversation failed miserably.

Pretty soon the pan went around again, and the chap with the bottle proceeded to mix another concoction. That was twice repeated, and, in the course of an hour, I perceived suddenly that all hands were very drunk. They were still as silent and solemn as a circle of owls, but several were waddling in their seats, and in a few moments one big fellow pitched off a box and began to snore the instant he hit the floor. The others paid no attention to him and soon followed suit. I was the sole survivor, and as I pleked my way over the recombent forms I felt like a soldier trapping unscratched from some desperate field of battle. I took one small taste of the alcoholic "dope," and it nearly strangled me. I have been told that alcohol drinking is not a common vice among the gulf fisherman, but that certain small communities become addicted to it and carry it to frightful excesses. What possible enjoyment they can get out of simply swilling themselves into a stupor is more than I can understand."

Artesian Well Dug by Ants.

It is a notorious fact, says a correspondent, writing from Millen, Georgia, that red ants will dig their holes until they strike water. Near the station in Millen, and about fifty feet from one of these natural artesian wells, is a colony of big red ants that have been working in the sand bed for over fifty years. One of the oldest citizens says they were there for that length of time to his certain knowledge, but he can't say how long they were there before that time. One can imagine the astonishment of the people of Millen when they saw one morning a bold crew of artesian water-seekers high coming from that red ant bed. The poor fellows dug to their own destruction. A very peculiar thing about it is that it has cut off the wells here. There is great excitement here, people for miles around are coming hourly to see the wonderful well, Savannah News.

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**The Mercury.**

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, November 17, 1900.

The Democratic party wants to reorganize itself but doesn't seem to know how to do it. Dan M. Deeklon, William C. Whitney, Grover Cleveland et al want to "do it one way." Bryan, Jones, Richardson & Co., and they are in the majority thus far, propose to do it their way. Richardson, the Democratic leader in the house, gives the gold Democrats a dig as follows: "Undoubtedly the men who call themselves Democrats, but who have been Republicans during the last two national campaigns, will not be permitted to define the issues and shape policies for the Democratic party."

A Tennessee Democrat sees nothing but disaster to the nation in the defeat of his pet, Bryan. He breaks out in lamentations as follows: "If we could only have selected Bryan," said he, "all would have been serene in these parts. But, we did our best here in Tennessee. Yesterday the nation stood at the parting of the ways, but today the rubicon has been crossed and this republic is following the long procession of other republics on the road to imperialism and oblivion, with Caesar and Nero not very far down the road in the lead."

Poor man. He must have taken an overdose of Tennessee corn whiskey, he felt so bad.

**A Good Word for Hanna.**

A prominent writer says: The country does not and probably never will realize its obligations to Mr. Hanna. There are those, however, who know that but for Mr. Hanna's sagacity, energy and unwearied industry, Mr. Bryan would be President-elect of the United States today. If the election had occurred in July Mr. Bryan would have been elected. There was at one time an absurd Republican over-confidence. Nobody cared to give anything or to do anything, claiming that the result was assured. Mr. Bryan's managers on the other hand found sympathy and support among those who disliked the Philippine situation, who believed that trusts were ruining the country, who believed that the canteen bill was a national calamity and who were satisfied that existing conditions were placing the masses at the mercy of the classes.

Mr. Hanna's problem was to meet and answer these charges, to bring the true national issues to the front, and to arouse the country to a sense of the real situation. It was slow and hard work. A weaker man would not have succeeded. Mr. Hanna insisted that the real issue was that of sound money, and that the country must be made to see it. The country finally did see it, and from that time on the difficulties of the campaign lessened, and the probabilities of Mr. McKinley's success increased.

Some of the methods employed were new and very effective. In fact, almost every legitimate method was adopted for the purpose of showing people what the effect to them would be of carrying out such a program as Mr. Bryan announced. Mr. Bryan helped the Republican campaign considerably by his statements of what he would do if elected, but he was prudent enough not to commit himself in regard to money.

It is now fully recognized by the Democratic managers that they were defeated on the money issue; that is by the methods which Mr. Hanna adopted to bring the nature of the money issue home to the individual voter. The American people ought to thank Mr. Hanna for what he did in 1896 to make possible the prosperity of the last four years, and they ought to thank him again for what he has done this year in the interests of the country for four years to come.

**How a President is Elected.**

The people have just voted for President and Vice-President of these United States for four years from the fourth of March next, and yet not a single vote has been cast for the candidates personally.

The voters in all of the states have met and voted for a set of men called electors and on these electors falls the duty of electing the President and Vice-President at some future time. Each state is entitled to as many electors as it has senators and representatives in Congress. Rhode Island, for instance, has four, equal in number to her two senators and two representatives, and the four gentlemen that were elected last week are Messrs. Geo. H. Norman of Newport, Frank F. Olney of Providence, A. G. Crumb of Westerly, and Rev. J. J. Wooley of Central Falls. Not a single vote was cast for McKinley and Roosevelt, nor for Bryan and Stevenson. What is true in regard to the electors for Rhode Island is true in regard to all the other states. Each state has a different number of electors in proportion to the population, for instance New York has thirty-six, and the total from all the states is 477, of which the number necessary to elect is 221. The electors favorable to McKinley number 222, which is 5 more than a majority.

These four hundred forty-seven votes make up what is called the electoral college. They never come together as a college, but the electors chosen from each state meet in some place in their own state. It makes no difference where. Most states meet at the capital of that state. The electors from Rhode Island will meet at Bristol. The meet-

ing of the electors will take place on the same day, which day is the second Monday in January next, and will there proceed to cast separate ballots for president and vice-president. These ballots after being certified to by the governor and secretary of state are sealed up and sent to Washington. There are three separate lists made of the result of the ballot of the electors. One list is sent to Washington by special messenger from each state. This messenger delivers his charge to the president of the senate, and takes a receipt for the same. Another list is sent to the president of the senate by registered mail, and the third list is deposited with the secretary of state in each state where the vote is cast.

On the second Wednesday in February Congress meets to count these votes. The counting is done by the president of the senate in the representatives chamber in the presence of both houses and the president of the senate declares the result. Although the world knows now that President McKinley will be the next president of the United States, he has not been elected yet, and will not be elected till January 14th next and the result will not be declared till Feb. 13th, and even then the President will not be "officially" notified of his election. The only way for him to find it out is by reading it in the papers. Our forefathers in making this elaborate plan of electing the President and Vice-President stopped short of the notification and left the poor man to find it out any way he could.

Suppose that as the result of the voting on January 14 both McKinley and Bryan should have the same number of votes, or suppose that neither of them should have a majority of all the votes cast, then the House of Representatives will choose the next president, and in voting on that question each state entitled to one vote. That is each state that has a Republican majority in the House of Representatives will cast one vote for McKinley and each state with a Democratic majority will cast one vote for Bryan. If the Representatives in any state are equally divided politically that state loses its vote. A majority of the states have a Republican majority in the House of Representatives, so McKinley would be elected if such a thing had happened as that neither of the two leading candidates had secured the election of a majority of the electoral vote. If it should happen that no vice president should be elected by the electors then the senate proceeds at once to elect a vice president and in case the president should die before taking his seat then the vice president so elected would become the president of the United States for four years from March next.

The question has been raised, what if McKinley and Roosevelt should both die before the electoral votes are cast? Then the electors would have the right to vote for any one they pleased and whoever had the majority of the electoral college would be the president and vice-president. If President McKinley should die previous to the expiration of his present term, as Vice President Hobart has already deceased, then the secretary of state, John Hay, would become president, and the remainder of the cabinet would succeed in the following order: Secretary of the treasury, secretary of war, attorney-general, postmaster-general, secretary of the navy and secretary of the interior. This would last only till the fourth of March next, when Theodore Roosevelt would become the President.

**Quo Vadis.**

The well known Boston Theatre is now running Quo Vadis and the enthusiasm it is receiving from the press indicate that it is worthy the immense patronage it is receiving. The Boston Journal says: First think of the story of "Wither Guest Thou" translated to the stage, so that one does not lose its thread, so that one finds the situation, the trials of the Christians, the love of the Lydia, the truth of the Vinicius, the honor of the Pertronius, the perfidy and idocy of the Nero.

Stanlaus Stange has done it. He has placed a stage version of the Sienkiewicz novel before the public which is worthy of study, which makes one believe in the characters, which gives added vividness even to the book.

Last evening came the first production of Stange's dramatization in Boston. It was given at the Boston Theatre before an audience which applauded at the proper time, which filled the great house and which showed real enthusiasm. There is little wonder. One cannot blame an audience for expressing its feelings when a good production is placed upon the stage, particularly when this production gives one a correct idea of an author's thought and motive and of the early struggles of the freed which the civilized world reveres.

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Once Mr. Stange was called before the curtain and thanked the audience for their interest and for their applause in behalf of the author of the book, in behalf of the actors and in behalf of himself.

After every act the members of the company were called before the curtain. The villains were hissed consistently. The heroes were applauded consistently. The heroines were cheered consistently. What more need is there for words of commendation for this production?

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no heroics. The part of Nero was acted by Edmund B. Lyons. It was a forcible portrayal, an interesting one and one creditable to Mr. Lyons. Wadsworth Harris, as Tigrullus, deserves praise, and, in fact, so do all the members of the cast.

Ellie Proctor Otis, as Poppea, was unbending, vicious, unflinching.

Carroll Nilsson, the only one of the company who came from the English production, was charming in her part.

Then there was Lydia, simple, truthful, faithful, loving. The part was taken by Bijou Fernandez. Her work deserves all the credit one may heap upon her.

Ruth Vanderhoff, as Pompeia, and Adelaide Dunlap, as Acte, were excellent. And one must not be passed without praise—Miss George Florence Olp, who played the juvenile. Of the others much could be said if there were space.

**The Tammany Machine.**

City and Town Clerks Where the Machine Was Used Express Approval of It.—Best Method of Voting Yet Devised.

TOY CLERK'S OFFICE,  
Jamestown, R. I., Nov. 10, 1900.  
EDITOR NEWPORT MERCURY.

DEAR SIR:—In regard to the McTammany Voting Machine I will say that the machine is well adapted for the use for which it was intended in every particular. It will not give satisfaction to any person or persons who desire to carry on election to suit their own ideas because it is especially manufactured for the purpose of bringing out the correct result of the election at the close of the polls. I have asked several persons from the different towns where the machines were used in the last election, for their opinion in regard to the machine and have as yet failed to obtain an unfavorable opinion of the same. It was used with good results at the last election in this town, less mistakes being made by the voters using the machine than when the Australian Ballot was first introduced. The machine will certainly do its work and do it well if the voters will carry out the instructions given to press the button in hard and flush with the face of the machine when voting. I consider the machine especially adapted for use in the cities and largest towns of the State.

Yours very respectfully,

W. P. CASWELL,  
Town Clerk.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,  
Woonsocket, R. I., Nov. 15, 1900.  
EDITOR NEWPORT MERCURY.

DEAR SIR:—Regarding use of McTammany voting machine by this city, I would say: I regard the machine as having many good features with some defects. I believe it to be a method of voting less defective than any yet tried. Our voters have severely criticised it, and in its use at the election made mistakes due to their lack of knowledge of using it. With the exception of one machine, which became out of order, although soon fixed, all the other machines did the work without fault. In one respect, owing to the locking of the buttons, it will not allow the voter, where there is more than one candidate for an office, to properly perform the duties of a member of the Cabinet and it is not surprising that men having the necessary knowledge and capacity to make their services desirable as such are not hankering after the places.

Although Senator Hanna has not yet named the Chairman of the Washington Committee which will make arrangements for and have charge of the second inauguration of President McKinley, the prominent men of the national capital are already discussing ways and means of making the event memorable. The tone of public sentiment in Washington was reflected by Mr. L. T. Michener, Gen. W. W. Dudley's law partner, when he said of next inauguration day: "All the richness and grandeur that we can lavish upon that occasion will not be too much. It will be the first inauguration of a new century, and will mark a victory no less impressive or important than that of the second election of Lincoln. We should strive to excell in the glory of that day the splendor of the jubilee of King Edward's Queen. We should show that there is nothing mean or cheap about a republic and that even the oldest and greatest of monarchies cannot outdo us in doing honor to the institutions and history of the nation." With this spirit prevailing, President McKinley's second inauguration cannot fail to be one of the most imposing and magnificent events in our history.

Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, who is already in Washington, has called a meeting of that committee for next Monday to consider a bill for the revision of the internal revenue tax laws. President McKinley is anxious that some reduction may be made in this class of taxation at the coming session of Congress, and it is to decide how much reduction can be safely made that the Committee will meet in advance of Congress.

Those who believe the democratic campaign charges that the Chinese policy of President McKinley was arranged solely for campaign use, and that there would be a change immediately following the election have a disappointment coming to them. There will be no change in the Chinese policy for the simple reason that it has been from the beginning on all fours with American common sense. The whole matter was gone carefully over at the last Cabinet meeting, and it was the unanimous opinion that not a single thing had been done since the announcement to the powers, on July 3, of the policy of this government in and toward China that would be changed in even the slightest manner if the whole affair had to be gone over again. This is a proud showing for any administration to have made at any time, but all the more credit is attached to the President and his advisers, that they can make it at the close of a heated national campaign.

The counting machine worked perfectly.

Yours  
Wm. C. Maxon,  
City Clerk.

TOWN CLERK'S OFFICE,  
South Kingstown, R. I.,  
Wakefield, November 15, 1900.  
EDITOR NEWPORT MERCURY.

DEAR SIR:—The McTammany voting machine used in the First voting district of South Kingstown November 6 met with much favor by the voters generally. The process of voting is simple, and much quicker than by the Australian system, and I think with a few minor changes in the machine, which can be readily made, it will be found satisfactory.

Yours very respectfully,

HOWARD B. PERIN,  
Town Clerk.

**To Claim A Fortune:**

Fred Slyfield, driver of a laundry wagon in Providence, sailed from New York this week to take possession of a fortune roughly estimated at nearly a quarter of a million dollars, said to be waiting for him in England.

Slyfield has lived at 42 Warren street for about a year, and was a driver for a laundry on Pratt avenue. He was an English boy, and ran away from home about 20 years ago, and came to this country a lad in his teens. He procured work and has lived in various towns in the United States. On this side he met the woman who is now Mrs. Slyfield, and they have lived, and been happy even without the wealth which has lately fallen to their lot.

Slyfield never talked much about his early life, but he let enough drop to carry the impression that he had seen better days. People said that he never worked before he came to this country, and among his associates spread the rumor that he was a thief.

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**Washington Matters.**

Many congratulations for President McKinley—After-Election Gossip at the Capital—Preparations for the Inauguration are Already Under Way—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12, 1900.

President McKinley is still receiving congratulations on one of the most remarkable endorsements ever given a President by the American people. He is compelled to hold an almost continual levee during office hours. He does not regard the result as so much a personal and party triumph as it was a triumph of right over wrong, and as involving new responsibility for himself and the republican majority in Congress, in order that the people may see that their confidence and endorsement was deserved.

He has succeeded in conducting his first administration up to this time through some very trying circumstances without making a single mistake of importance and he purposes to do his utmost to continue that good record through his second administration, and if the same careful consideration, deference to the opinions of the party leaders and patriots which has guided him every day since he became President will make success, he will achieve it. He will do his best, which is all that any man can do, and that the patriotic people expect of any man.

Washington is full of the usual after-the-election gossip about the make-up of the next Cabinet, but the subject has really not been considered by those most interested for the very good reason that they have not had time to do so and that there is no occasion for hurry. The President is very well satisfied with his present Cabinet, and if nothing were to be considered but his own wishes, there would be no changes. But it is well known that a majority of the present Cabinet hold their positions not because they sought them, but because the President desired their assistance in making his administration a success, and probably that at least three of them, possibly more, will ask to be allowed to retire at the close of the present administration. It is no holiday to properly perform the duties of a member of the Cabinet and it is not surprising that men having the necessary knowledge and capacity to make their services desirable as such are not hankering after the places.

Although Senator Hanna has not yet named the Chairman of the Washington Committee which will make arrangements for and have charge of the second inauguration of President McKinley, the prominent men of the national capital are already discussing ways and means of making the event memorable. The tone of public sentiment in Washington was reflected by Mr. L. T. Michener, Gen. W. W. Dudley's law partner, when he said of next inauguration day: "All the richness and grandeur that we can lavish upon that occasion will not be too much. It will be the first inauguration of a new century, and will mark a victory no less impressive or important than that of the second election of Lincoln. We should strive to excell in the glory of that day the splendor of the jubilee of King Edward's Queen. We should show that there is nothing mean or cheap about a republic and that even the oldest and greatest of monarchies cannot outdo us in doing honor to the institutions and history of the nation." With this spirit prevailing, President McKinley's second inauguration cannot fail to be one of the most imposing and magnificent events in our history.

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**MURDERED IN BED.**

**Police Are Looking For the Slayer of Gustaf Erickson.**

**Other News of Interest From Various Parts of New England States.**

**Clinton, Mass., Nov. 15.**—Chief of Police Stone and Inspector O'Day of Worcester were here yesterday looking up evidence to account for the whereabouts of Oscar Nelson, accused of the murder of Gustaf Erickson in Worcester, from 3:30 o'clock Saturday morning, when he was seen in the yard of the Fitchburg railroad at Worcester, to 12 o'clock Saturday noon, when he was positively located at Clinton.

Erickson and his wife lived on the top floor of a 2½-story tenement house. About 2 o'clock Saturday morning, a family on the ground floor was aroused by cries coming from the Erickson tenement, and rushed up to find Mrs. Erickson in her night dress, leaning over the prostrate form of her husband, in the kitchen of their home. Her night-gown and hands were smeared with blood, and the man was bathed in it. A red streak flowed from a wound in his breast, while blood stains were on the floor, and made a red path to the bathroom, off the kitchen.

According to the story told by Mrs. Erickson a man leaned over her as she lay asleep on the outside of their bed, and plunged a knife into her husband's heart.

There is no doubt that Erickson was stabbed while in bed. The knife went straight to his heart, and but one blow was delivered.

Love, jealousy and revenge are presumed to be the elements to the motive for the crime. Mrs. Erickson is held by the police.

**Oscar's Heirless Daughter.**

Boston, Nov. 16.—Reversing the decree of the probate court, Judge Morton yesterday handed down a decision in the supreme court allowing the will of Richard Garvey. By the instrument, the only child of the testator, Nellie Garvey, is disinherited, and Mrs. Laura Murphy is made residuary legatee. Keenly fearing the act of his daughter in seeking to place him under guardianship as an insane person during the last days of his life, the testator manifested his disaffection for her in not mentioning her in his will. The amount of the Garvey estate is about \$100,000.

**Constitution to Be Revised.**

Concord, N. H., Nov. 16.—It is officially announced that the voters of New Hampshire decided at the recent election to hold a convention for the revision of the constitution of the state. One of the principal objects of calling such a convention is to amend the constitution so as to reduce the membership of the state legislature. The accommodations of the state house are totally inadequate for the present number and a new ratio of representation is a necessity.

**Supposed Burglars Rounded Up.**

Boston, Nov. 16.—By the arrest of four young men by the officers of the Roxbury district, last night, it is thought that the principals in numerous burglaries that have taken place in that section have been secured. Unusual efforts had been made to round up the parties responsible for the numerous breaks, and as many as 65 officers in citizens' clothes have been distributed over the district in a single afternoon with that end in view.

**Clinic Man, This Time.**

Clinton, Mass., Nov. 16.—John S. Wood of this town has received letters from Spain similar to those received by Mr. Ladd of Northfield, to the effect that he has inherited a fortune in Madrid. Wood visited Worcester yesterday and had the will translated by a Spanish student in an academy there. The student is of the opinion that the will is a true document.

**A Watchman's Fight With Burglars.**

Portland, Me., Nov. 16.—An attempt to blow up the safe in the office of the Portland Iron and Steel company of Yonkers was made yesterday, but the burglars were frightened away without securing any booty, after a lively pistol duel with Night Watchman Nixon, 20 shots being exchanged. The large vault in the office was badly wrecked.

**Concord's Oldest Citizen Dead.**

Concord, N. H., Nov. 16.—Concord's only centenarian and the oldest man who voted in New Hampshire at the last election is dead in this city at the age of 100 years, 10 months and 14 days. He was John Knights, a native of London. He became a citizen of the United States in 1833, and had voted at every presidential election since.

**Lawyer G. Prohibition Stateman.**

Brunswick, Me., Nov. 16.—Fifty prominent leaders in the cause of temperance met here yesterday and organized the Maine Prohibition alliance. The announced object is to strengthen and enlarge the work of the Prohibition party in the state, and encourage the spread of prohibition sentiment in Maine.

**Charley W. Utterly Got His Fortune.**

Boston, Nov. 16.—Robert B. Brigham, the famous restaurant keeper of this city, left an estate which has been appraised for his executors as the value of \$25,000.00 at his death, about 11 months ago. Under his will, public charity will receive about all of his estate on his sister's death.

**Korean Cane Rush.**

Boston, Nov. 16.—During the cane rush between the sophomore and freshman of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology yesterday, Hugh C. Moore of Rochester, aged 19, a member of the freshman class, was so badly injured that he died while being taken to the hospital.

**Stiffened by an.**

Whitinsville, Mass., Nov. 16.—Zenon Desiderius was killed by being buried in a sand bank here. He was a teamster and was at work filling a wagon. When the sand fell on him, no one was at hand to give assistance.

**A Remorseless Statistic Imposed.**

Boston, Nov. 16.—Charles R. Hallstrom, the young man who whined and cried at a leading hotel recently, and who induced a jeweler to lend \$500 worth of diamonds to his room for him to select from, when he had less than \$1 in his possession, was yesterday committed to the Massachusetts reformatory. The court was impressed with the prisoner's family, and, though the charge against him was forged, he was committed to the reformatory.

**Was Unconscious for Many Days.**  
Story Told by Abbie Whitney Leads to the Arrest of Two Years' Men.

Auburn, Me., Nov. 16.—It appears that the mystery concerning the Athol Whittney case, in which she was mysteriously drugged, is about to be cleared up. Two young men, one in Lewiston and the other in Auburn, have been arrested, and the police are on the track of the suspected third party.

City Marshal Garcelon has put in much time and hard work to apprehend the guilty parties, and bring them to justice. There is little doubt in the minds of Lewiston and Auburn people that the girl was drugged, but who the guilty parties are is not definitely known.

The two men arrested were Edward J. Dewey of Lewiston, 24 years old, and John H. Ahern of Auburn, aged 22. Both men bear a good reputation, and many do not believe that they are guilty of the charge preferred against them. Both deny having been connected with the case, and claim they know nothing of the matter. They were arrested on the charge of assault and battery on the person of Miss Abbie Whittney of Auburn, while she was at a dance at Sabbathau Saturday night last. City Marshal Garcelon made the arrests, and locked both men up. Later they appeared before Judge Mitchell and were ordered to furnish bail in \$300 each, for their appearance before the Auburn municipal court. They secured the bail at a late hour and were released.

Miss Whittney had been unconscious at her home here since last Saturday night. She regained consciousness yesterday afternoon, and the story she told City Marshal Garcelon coincided in almost every particular with the disjointed allegations made by the girl while she was in a stupor.

**King Oscar Is in Very Poor Health.**  
Paris, Nov. 16.—Private but most trustworthy information has been received here to the effect that King Oscar

**KING OSCAR.**

of Sweden is in a very low state of health. His recent brain attack, it is added, deprived him of his memory, and he seems unable to recuperate. The facts are being suppressed.

**Morgan Will Not Succeed Moody.**  
East Northfield, Mass., Nov. 15.—Regarding reports that Rev. G. C. Morgan of London had been invited to take charge of the Moody schools, and so far as possible take up on all lines the work of the late Dwight L. Moody, Mr. Moody's son-in-law made the following statement: "There is to be no change whatever in the management of the schools. Mr. R. Moody is to remain at the head of the Moody work in every particular. We should be delighted to have Mr. Morgan come to East Northfield, make his home here, educate his children with us and be one of the most prominent workers of the Northfield extension movement. But that he is in any way to succeed Mr. R. Moody has no foundation of truth."

**Coroner's Verdict in Burr Case.**  
Stoneham, Mass., Nov. 14.—Medical Examiner Jack held an inquest yesterday over the remains of Horace F. Burr, a Boston architect, whose headless body was found in the woods here, and a verdict of death from accident was rendered.

It is thought that Burr fell from a high ledge. The fact that the head was several feet distant from the body is accounted for by the supposition that it was done by some wild animal, as a fox had evidently gnawed the skull, which was entirely devoid of flesh.

**McCormick's Claims \$20,000 Damages.**  
Boston, Nov. 15.—Ransom F. McCormick, who was deposed from his office of deputy collector of internal revenue by Collector Gill, yesterday secured a writ against the collector. McCormick claims \$20,000 damages. The action is one of tort, and defamatory libel and slander are alleged. The writ is returnable in Salem Dec. 3. The writ of attachment was forwarded to a Springfield lawyer for the purpose of having it placed against the property of Collector Gill in that city.

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**Poetry.****A Text on the Wall.**

BY MARGARET E. SANGERER.

Every day, or blue or gold,  
Clouds roll, as my heart,  
Turn I, with the westward rays;  
To my text-roll on the wall  
Word of comfort, word of cheer,  
Word of counsel with the here;

Sometimes 'tis whisper sweet,  
Sparkling like a drop of dew;  
Jude, I'll sing, as my heart,  
Hence my loving Lord, to view;  
And I sing the day morned,

With the Master in thy care.  
Sometimes 'tis a single note,  
G'dom clear, sweet and high;  
Or some that seems to thud,  
Like a horse from out the sky;

Sometimes 'tis a battle-call  
That brief text-upon the wall.

Now, in singing phone, and to see,  
From the lips of prophet old,  
Meet my eye a warning voice,  
Stern, defiant, eager, bold;

Never to dare what's lost,  
Poured in that strength I go.

Sometimes, when my spirit droop,  
Rising as an aged trout,  
Promised, half of the truth,  
Smile to charm away the pain.

Every day, or blue or gray,  
Sun or cloud, as we all fall,  
Turn I, with the westward rays;  
To my text-roll on the wall;

Word of faith, word of cheer,  
Word of faith, words me here.

**Selected Tale.****A PRACTICAL CHARITY.**

BY LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

Julianna strolled into the glass before which she was putting on her hat. The face in the glass smiled back, although the smile was compounded of one part bitterness and two parts amusement.

"It really is too ridiculous absurd that I should be on that committee," she observed. Late though it was, she could not refrain from catching up the hand glass to examine if the back of her serge jacket was really so very shiny as she had fancied. The emphasis in which the hand glass was laid down spoke of more than a desire to be punctual at the clothing committee meeting.

"After all," she said to herself, as she ran downstairs, "absurdity is so exquisite as to make it quite worth while" and in this little announcement had quite got the better of bitterness.

The street was a quiet one, and Julianna almost ran as she went. In sight of the church door she suddenly stopped; stopped so long that the Rev. Paul Simonson, hurrying up from the opposite direction to preside at the meeting, quickened his pace to a run, thinking that something must be amiss.

"I'll do it!" she exclaimed aloud, and then first became aware of Mr. Simonson.

"Nothing desperate, I hope, Miss Perkins," he remarked, hardly knowing whether to take her look of fierce determination in jest or earnest.

Julianna solved the problem by a mere laugh.

"But it is desperate," she observed as they went up the steps together. "I will do nothing less than petrify the committee, and if you don't stand by me—"

"I shall be petrified, too! I had noticed your Medusa glare," said the young minister in a whisper before hurrying to his place at the table.

Whatever desperate deed Julianna was revolving in her mind, she kept it to herself until the other ladies had made their reports and preferred their requests. Mrs. Smithers' Johnnie in rags again; of course, she had never put a stitch in that last suit, though she could have made it almost as good as new if she had half minded it, and Mrs. Gluckstein's children were all bare foot again—funy! the six of them! though really the shoes that had been given them were very nicely mended. And Polly Ferrari! "How long is it since we fitted her out with that good pink gingham? hardly worn at all." A perfect rag now?" And so on.

"Miss Perkins," called the deaconess from the roll in her secretary's book. "No report," said Julianna calmly.

The deaconess gasped; the heads turned to look in Julianna's direction and nine pairs of eyes of various colors glared at her as steadily as if the Medusa act had actually been accomplished. Mr. Simon stroked his mustache to conceal a smile.

"Widow Smolenski," began the deaconess, "is on your list, I believe, Miss Perkins. She is always wanting clothing for one or another of her children. Has she had nothing this month?" There were volumes in the word "nothing."

"No, she hasn't," replied Julianna calmly. "She hasn't, and neither have Patsy Quinton's children, nor Mary Mahoney's nor even the little sick woman's in the rear tenement—Teresa Goldoni. And if you'll excuse me saying so, her eyes were fixed on the minister's now, and she seemed not to observe the bristling of the committee. I think that the time of ten intelligent, capable women—not to speak of a deaconess and a minister,—for the life of her Julianna could not help rippling over into laughter—"might be used to better advantage than the way we use it here, forever hitting our poor people with old clothes, and then grumbling because they take no sort of care of them."

The girl suddenly became aware of the battery of eyes, but she held on bravely.

"I know I am the youngest member of the committee, and the rest of you have years of experience to my months"—Julianna caught herself up—the tossing of Miss Janeaway's very youthful hat warned her that she had blundered, but it was too late to retreat. "But it seems to me that we only need to put two and two together to prove that we are pampering our poor people by our generosity in the matter of old clothes."

To this day Julianna wonders how she had been allowed to go on so long.

Now a torrent of exclamations broke forth. "The church's duty," "charity," "hard times," "out of work," "thoroughly investigated," "known to be worthy." A fine sneer at last cut its way through the tumult: it came from under Miss Janeaway's much belloved hat. "Mrs. Perkins so little knows what it is to need clothes that it is not strange she cannot sympathize with the poor in their need."

The shiny back of Julianna's serge jacket fairly burned as the girl made her reply.

"It is because I am the only one here who does know that I have the right to speak. These poor people of ours are far too poor to afford what our old clothes cost them, the small notion of thrift and carefulness that they began with. I think we ought to put all these old garments into thorough repair, and then not give them away but sell them for the low price such things are actually worth. Give them all the

help you like as to partial payments, and all that, but make them pay for everything. I think you have no idea of the preservative effect upon a pair of old shoes of a payment of ten cents or even a nickel."

The petrified faces relaxed under the warmth of the girl's words, and her sudden laugh flowing a confused humor that seemed to broken a perplexed approval. Then the decisive voice of Mrs. Worthington Curry, the wife of the senior warden, arose clear:

"I think Miss Perkins is right; in fact, the same thought has frequently occurred to me, as it must to every one who looks at all into scientific philanthropy; but how to make the idea practicable in our own case?" And in the pause which followed the Rev. Paul Simonson found room to say: "Perhaps Miss Perkins has matured a plan?"

"Not that," replied Julianna, "but I have had a sort of inspiration. If the committee like I am willing to undertake it, not as a part of my church work," she went out in haste, involuntarily raising her hand to check the rustle which portended interruption, "but as a matter of business, I will undertake to mend and keep in order the contents of our clothing closet, selling them for what they thus become worth, and repaying to the benevolent fund the estimated amount of their original value." She hesitated a moment and then added: "Perhaps none of you know that I have just failed to pass the examination for teacher in a public school and that I need work. I shall be very glad of an opportunity like this."

The women crowded around her, quite forgetting to be parliamentary. They were thoroughly good women, though like most women they had their little ways, and every one of them felt their heat toward the girl who had held her own so bravely. The deaconess alone had presence of mind to whisper to the minister that it would be well to call the meeting to order, and put the matter to vote. "Which was hardly done—the question being carried without a dissenting voice—when Miss Janeaway breathlessly moved an adjournment.

Julianna escaped to the clothing room. Such a heap of uselessness as it looked! The congregation of St. Hubert's seemed to find it a fitting receptacle for everything that no one could possibly use. A smile of bitterness and amusement like that which Julianna had seen in the mirror home swept over her face as she looked. "Six years of hard study, and now this!"

The ladies came swarming in, they really must look things over and see what was there.

These ball dresses, for instance;

would Miss Perkins kindly suggest any possible use for such rubbish? And these half-worn dress suits! How were they to estimate the present value of such things?

"Send for the little old-clothes woman around the corner," suggested Julianna; and then she escaped into the solitude of the swaying avenue, deftly avoiding the Rev. Paul Simonson by the simple device of using the basement door.

"It is high time you knew yourself, Julianna Perkins," she was saying to herself. "You'll never learn younger, Why should you flatter yourself that your sympathy with children and your taking ways!"—her smile was very scornful now—"would make a teacher of one who took a merely respectable rank in college? And since you are incompetent to earn a living by your brain, why should not your fingers serve you? Better a good patcher and darning than a poor teacher, mother would say; and thanks to dear old mamsey, I am good at my needle."

She caught a glimpse of her trimly fitting gown in the plate glass window of a saloon, and involuntarily held her head higher; her smile softened, and she added to herself: "Why cannot I make this queer old-clothes business a vocation, teaching thrift to our poor friends over in the tenements?"

"Let me see," she continued, "if I had passed the examination and got a school I should have had a salary of four hundred and fifty dollars the first year—a dollar and a half a day the next round; that is less than a common seamstress; it is just about a fair price for me, I should say."

The flash in Julianna's eyes was overclouded by a mist. "Mr. Simonson! don't you know our people—and all the people—better than to doubt that they would rather buy than beg? You will hear them thinking us a year from now—I promise you."

"I know—I believe you—I am sure of it," stammered the compacted young pedagogue; "I only meant—is there going to be enough in it—all enough of profit, I mean, to you—to make it right for you to give your time to a work of such true beneficence as this?"

A smile had already cleared away the mist—a smile in which was no mockery.

"I am sure of it," she said. "I went all over it last night with mother and grandmother, and they felt certain on general principles, but are you sure that your valuable work will not make the garments repay me for the time I give, and our women will be glad of the work?" As to the stout coats and trousers, and the good gowns and caps they are worth all the time and trouble it will cost to put them in order."

"And you feel sure you can sell enough to pay for all this trouble?"

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**Literary Notes.****The Thanksgiving Number.**

Of the Saturday Evening Post I ordered November 10. The cover is, by Harry Fisher. The opening article is "The Leaders in American Diplomacy," by Honorable John W. Foster, formerly Secretary of State; Honorable Frank A. Vanderlip, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, contributes "The Onward March of American Trade." Honorable Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, has an article on "The Development of the Modern City." Major Arthur Griffiths, of the British Army (retired), has an anecdotal sketch of General Wolseley. The Adventures of a Pioneer Platineau are told by Captain John J. Healey. The fiction includes Senate Bill 375, by Brand Whitlock; "For Divers Reasons," by Charles Battell Losonge; "The Banquet," by Mrs. Burton Harris; "The Diary of a Harvard Freshman," by Charles Macomb Flandrill; "Mooswa of the Boundaries," by W. A. Fraser; "Emily Higgins' Part Story," by Joe Lincoln; "A Supper by Proxy," by Paul Lawrence Dunbar. There is a half-page poem called "The Ballad of Ozy W. Orr," by Hoffman F. Day. The editorial page deals with timely subjects; the department of Men and Women of the Hour contains new stories, and the "Public Occurrences" tell of the efforts to capture South American trade. Frank W. Thomas gives "Confessions of a Mlad Reader"; Madeline S. Bridges has a poem entitled "An Untold Love"; William Mathews contributes "The Matter-of-Fact Man." The other departments are Literary News and Oddities of Science.

**Youth's Companion Calendar.**

More thought and expense than ever before have been lavished on the calendar which the publishers of the Youth's Companion will present to every one subscribing for the new volume of 1901, since it is to be a souvenir of the paper's 75th year. It is an exceptionally attractive calendar, and has been designed and lithographed for the Youth's Companion exclusively. The central figure of the calendar is an ideal portrait of a Puritan maiden of Plymouth, and the 12 colors in which the calendar is lithographed reproduce the delicate coloring of the artist's original painting with perfect fidelity.

After the usefulness of the calendar is past, the portrait of Priscilla can be cut out and framed and preserved as a beautiful household ornament.

This calendar, which is sold to non-subscribers to the Youth's Companion for \$1., will be given to all new subscribers for 1901, who will also receive, in addition to the 52 issues of the new volume, all the issues of the paper for the remaining weeks of 1900 free from the time of subscription. Illustrated announcement of the volume for 1901 will be sent free with sample copies of the paper to any address. The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

**Fertilizers for Plants and Fruits.**

The selection of fertilizers depends upon the kinds of crops to be grown, and upon the uses of the various food elements depends the cost of the fertilizers without expending money for that which may not be desired. All vegetables of which the leaves and stalks are the edible portions will be most benefited with nitrogen, such as cabbage, celery, etc., but potash and phosphates should also be used. When seeds are desired, such as wheat and other grains, phosphates should predominate, while tomatoes, egg plants, melons, squashes, etc., prefer potash well, and I was anxious to settle down in a permanent occupation. My choice of a "yellow" journal came not from any preference, but from the fact it was the one which offered an immediate opening. I didn't know then what constituted the essential characteristics of "yellow" journalism, nor what sacrifices of self-respect if exacted from its devotees.

My first assignment was to get a story about a mysterious wedding ceremony that had taken place on a ferryboat crossing the river between two States. The name of the minister, the time of the ceremony—late at night—had already been published. I was to supply the names of the, wedding party and their reasons for so unique a ceremony, and most important of all, get their photographs. I failed utterly. The minister refused flatly to tell the names of the party and I could go no further. I was made to feel that this failure put me under a cloud. For several days I was given no important assignments, but was kept at the work known as "hustling for pictures."

Pictures were the ruling passion of the "Yellow Plateau." The city editor would break all the ten commandments to get a picture to adorn a story, and he expected his reporters to be ready to do the same. "Pictures! Pictures! Pictures!" he would say to each reporter as he gave out the assignments. A story too trivial in itself to be printed would find space if a picture accompanied it. A story in which the facts took only two lines of space would be accompanied by a picture two columns wide.

One day the city editor sent me out to get a photograph of a fifteen-year-old girl who had run away to become an actress. "You know the bluff we put up in a case like that," he said, interrogatively, as I turned to go. "Tell the mother that the police department has requested it, and persuade her that if we print a picture it will aid in finding the child." Another time he said, "If they don't want to give you the picture of the bride, tell them we already have a picture in the office, but it's an old, rather homely type, and we'd much prefer to have a good picture. That bluff generally works."

To go to a friend of the original of a coveted photograph and tell a plausible story about being sent by the original to get a photograph because the latter had no more left was a device used almost daily and often with much success. The professional photographers of the city had been victimized so often by false pretense, and by the bribing of their employees that they were on their guard, and only a few of the less reputable ones could be depended on to furnish copies of photographs in their possession.

Late one night an old reporter, who was lounging about the local room, after writing his story, took me under his wing and, in a spirit of benevolent helpfulness to a beginner, gave me some pointers that were truly enlightening. He was the star man of the paper. His associates spoke of him as a "smooth guy" with wonderful ability in "gum shoe stunts." Translated, this meant that he was a skillful liar and was good at accomplishing tasks that required deception and secrecy. He was a mild-mannered man, corpulent, with gray hair and a benevolent countenance. Twenty-five years of perpetual false pretense had failed to rob his features of an appearance of frankness which won the confidence of everyone he approached. His whole appearance suggested the middle-aged banker, lawyer, doctor, minister or any other of the many characters he often assumed, rather than the typical reporter. A distinguished bearing, an impressive manner, a glib tongue and a smattering knowledge of everything under the sun,

**Collecting Fads of Royalty.**

Queen Victoria is a keen collector of fans, of which she has many beautiful specimens, modern as well as antique. Collecting is one of the fads of the day, and everyone, from the sovereign downward, seems to suffer from the craze. The Prince of Wales has presented the library, programme and playbill of every opera, concert and play he has attended since he was a boy, and they must form a truly stupendous collection. The Duke of York has a fine collection of posters, including some of Chéret's Paris posters. Prince Edward of York is true to the juvenile fancy of postage stamps.—London M. A. P.

**On a Yellow Journal.**

I had a letter of introduction to one of the editorial writers. "Good old Jameson," he said, half to himself, as he finished the letter. "I wish I could have a good long talk with him once more!" Then he turned to me. "Mr. Curtis," he said, "do you suppose you could get job in a dry goods store, anywhere in this city?"

"If you can," he continued, "I earnestly advise you to take it, or any other position you can get, rather than come into this business. I can—all you are determined—if you have made up your mind—I can, as Jameson says, get you into it. I can take you up to the city editor there, and in an hour you will be on the street looking for a photograph of some poor woman who has given birth to triplets or tried to drown herself. If it happened to be the latter, you'll be expected to write of her as 'beautiful Teresa O'Farrell weary of life,' and invent a love story for her. But you'll leave it all soon enough."

"I have been in this business as many years as you have been on earth," he went on, after a short pause to which I said nothing. "And I have been, I think I may say, more than ordinarily successful. I have served in every capacity, from cub reporter to managing editor, and knowing the business as I do, I earnestly advise you to take any work that chance may offer, rather than this. It is the only profession I know of in which a man's usefulness ceases just about the time he has mastered his trade. These young fellows around here call me 'the old man,' the doctor, and the professor! They mean it kindly enough, to be sure, but I know what it signifies. A man over forty-five is of no use on such papers as this. If he is kept at all, it is as a pensioner in some small-salaried structure. I am—or I was at nine o'clock last night—in good standing. For all I know there may be a discharge notice in that box for me now. If there is, what is there for me to do? Nothing but go up to the city editor and ask for an assignment the same as yours. You needn't look surprised. Such an incident would cause no comment in the office. It is rare for a man to hold one of the higher positions more than six months, and when he loses it he begins again as a reporter. I was Sunday editor of a Chicago paper for a year one time, and it was so unusual that everybody about the paper was making bets from week to week as to whether I'd last until the next Sunday."

"I have little hope that you'll heed what I say. When I went into it, I was advised in just the same way, but I couldn't bear to follow the plodding routine which falls to the lot of the beginner in other professions. I know just how you feel. You want the excitement. You want the novelty. You want to meet famous people. You want to be in the whirlpool of events. Well, you'll have it all, but you'll swallow it with dust and ashes all the same."

This reception was hardly what I expected. Nevertheless, I didn't back out. The two years since I left college had been passed as a private in the Cuban war, and as a sort of knockabout on a tramp steamship which carried me twice around the world. I had an uncomfortable feeling that my people were beginning to look on me as a ne'er-do-well, and I was anxious to settle down in a permanent occupation. My choice of a "yellow" journal came not from any preference, but from the fact it was the one which offered an immediate opening. I didn't know then what constituted the essential characteristics of "yellow" journalism, nor what sacrifices of self-respect if exacted from its devotees.

My first assignment was to get a story about a mysterious wedding ceremony that had taken place on a ferryboat crossing the river between two States. The name of the minister, the time of the ceremony—late at night—had already been published. I was to supply the names of the, wedding party and their reasons for so unique a ceremony, and most important of all, get their photographs. I failed utterly. The minister refused flatly to tell the names of the party and I could go no further. I was made to feel that this failure put me under a cloud. For several days I was given no important assignments, but was kept at the work known as "hustling for pictures."

Pictures were the ruling passion of the "Yellow Plateau." The city editor would break all the ten commandments to get a picture to adorn a story, and he expected his reporters to be ready to do the same. "Pictures! Pictures! Pictures!" he would say to each reporter as he gave out the assignments. A story too trivial in itself to be printed would find space if a picture accompanied it. A story in which the facts took only two lines of space would be accompanied by a picture two columns wide.

One day the city editor sent me out to get a photograph of a fifteen-year-old girl who had run away to become an actress. "You know the bluff we put up in a case like that," he said, interrogatively, as I turned to go. "Tell the mother that the police department has requested it, and persuade her that if we print a picture it will aid in finding the child." Another time he said, "If they don't want to give you the picture of the bride, tell them we already have a picture in the office, but it's an old, rather homely type, and we'd much prefer to have a good picture. That bluff generally works."

To go to a friend of the original of a coveted photograph and tell a plausible story about being sent by the original to get a photograph because the latter had no more left was a device used almost daily and often with much success. The professional photographers of the city had been victimized so often by false pretense, and by the bribing of their employees that they were on their guard, and only a few of the less reputable ones could be depended on to furnish copies of photographs in their possession.

Late one night an old reporter, who was lounging about the local room, after writing his story, took me under his wing and, in a spirit of benevolent helpfulness to a beginner, gave me some pointers that were truly enlightening. He was the star man of the paper. His associates spoke of him as a "smooth guy" with wonderful ability in "gum shoe stunts." Translated, this meant that he was a skillful liar and was good at accomplishing tasks that required deception and secrecy. He was a mild-mannered man, corpulent, with gray hair and a benevolent countenance. Twenty-five years of perpetual false pretense had failed to rob his features of an appearance of frankness which won the confidence of everyone he approached. His whole appearance suggested the middle-aged banker, lawyer, doctor, minister or any other of the many characters he often assumed, rather than the typical reporter. A distinguished bearing, an impressive manner, a glib tongue and a smattering knowledge of everything under the sun,

enabled him to deceive all but the most astute.

"This matter of getting pictures is an art in itself," he said. Every case requires a different method. If some kid has done a fancy stunt like passing an examination, winning a prize, it's easy enough. You can make them believe you're doing them a favor to print the picture. It's in the other cases that you must be astute. Now last night I wanted to get a picture of a woman who escaped. Her friends wanted the couple caught, but as usual didn't want anything in the papers. A reporter couldn't have got a picture from them if he tried till noon today. I went down there and gave the police man on the beat \$1. dollars to entice me as a detective, from the central office. The rest was easy. You know those pictures I have in that scatological album of mine? I have a picture of a woman who was married in June. I went to the photographer and told him I was getting up an article for a magazine about ten prominent June brides. He hesitated at first, but finally consented to give them up, as the purpose was one the parties would hardly object to. When that fellow down in New Jersey eloped with his wife's sister, I went to the girl's mother and represented myself as a man of wealth and leisure who was shocked at such an outrage. I told her if she would accompany me, I would pay all the expenses and we would go after the couple and bring them back. She bit, and the Planet had exclusive stories every day for two weeks. I don't believe those people know to this day that I was writing them."

These and dozens of other experiences he told me, and they were as entertaining as the adventures of Francois or any other picturesque and clever rascal.

Another reporter whom I liked to talk with had been Sunday editor and city editor, and was familiar with methods in the upper circles of "yellow" journalism. He told me how the paper hired an ex-champion pugilist to report a prize fight at Carson City. The champion won some money on the fight and remained drunk for ten days. The story of the fight was written by a man in the office and signed with the pugilist's name. It was so well done that it drew a comment from a well-known literary weekly.

The practice of paying a professional champion in some line of sport somuch per week for the use of his name explains the presence in the yellow journals of the much advertised departments "conducted by the world's champion Jones." Jones couldn't write a five-word sentence correctly, and he never goes near the office except on pay day. Some hard-working sub-editor, unknown to fame, does the work.

This practice is confined to champion pugilists and jockeys, if my informant is to be believed. He told me he had written many a column of book reviews, answers to correspondents, and similar matter, which appeared in the paper over a name well-known in American literature. There is nothing on earth the "yellow" journals will not "fake" outright, or print on the most shadowy basis of good faith. I recall a statement on a question of current interest which appeared over the signature of a bishop. It was well known that the bishop would see no newspaper men. One reporter was sent to him as a devout follower of the bishop's faith, who was passing through the city and could not think of going away without seeing and speaking to so distinguished a divine. The bishop was affable. The reporter steered the conversation toward the topic and got the bishop's sentiment. Then the reporter produced a book written by the bishop and asked for the author's signature in it, just as a memento of the visit. The sentinel appeared in the Plumed next day over a facsimile signature of the bishop.

One of my assignments had to do with this same bishop. It was suspected he was going to another city to take part in an important secret conference, and I was detailed to watch him. Early in the day I took a position commanding both entrances to the bishop's residence. He didn't appear until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I dogged his footsteps while he made two calls and followed him into a street car. I thought I had stumbled on a star story when he got off at the railroad station, but it turned out he was going innocently to take dinner with a friend a few miles out in the country. I followed him faithfully, and as he walked up the steps to his home late in the evening I approached and tried to interview him. He had been so misrepresented, so often placed in unglamorous positions by the newspapers that he was quite terror-stricken by the encounter with a reporter, and out of sheer pity I backed away as quickly as possible.

The uncertainty of tenure in the executive offices which my friend spoke of was illustrated by his own experience. He told me of the first assignment given him after he was deposited. There was a foreign minister on a transatlantic liner which had just arrived. "Our tug will take you to the vessel," said the city editor. "They won't let you aboard; but when the tug gets close to the vessel, catch one of the ropes that hang over the sides. The tug will then back away, and then they'll have to pull you on deck and you can get an interview." The editor was very bitter about it. "I daresay you'd enjoy it," he said. "You're young and you like adventure, but when a man gets to be forty-five, he oughtn't to be compelled to do such things."

Most of my own assignments were legitimate enough, though I often started on one vowing to myself, that I'd sooner be a ditcher and keep my self-respect than do such work. But one night I was sitting in a corner of the local room chatting with the matine reporter. He was telling me of a schooner about to leave port which wanted two able-bodied seamen to go to Demerara. I didn't know where Demerara was then (I wish I had never learned—but that's another story) but it sounded far away and interesting. Just then the city editor's sharp, staccato call took me up to the desk. He explained that a prominent State official with whom the Planet had a quarrel had a deformity on one side of his face about which he was very sensitive. His photographs were all taken in profile. The official was to be in a parade the next day, and I was to take a camera and get a photograph showing the deformity. I didn't say anything, but when I was drawing my salary, so that there was nothing coming to me, and the next day I failed to turn up.—Philip Curtis in Boston Transcript.

In spite of their unsanitary habits, the Chinese often escape disease because their houses are well ventilated and the children receive a daily bath.

**CASTORIA.**  
Bear the  
Signature  
of *Chat. H. Fletcher.*

"I believe," said the well meaning man, "in giving your friend a little wholesome advice whenever the occasion arises. It doesn't cost you anything."

"It costs you your friend, very often," said the wise man.—Philadelphia Press.

"Do you enjoy reading Dickens?"

"Very much," answered Miss Cayenne. "His works contain so many odd and whimsical characters to whom it is a pleasure to compare those we dislike."

—Washington Star.

**Women's Dep't.****The "Little Health" of Women.**

The lack of physical vigor in so many of our so-called "civilized" women is one of the obstacles to their emancipation and enfranchisement. How can a sickly, nervous, hysterical young woman fulfil the duties and responsibilities of her after-life? An invalid man is at a disadvantage in every sphere of physical, mental and moral activity. The same is even more true of an invalid woman. As scholar, student, wife, mother, housekeeper, nurse, teacher, or physician, she is at a grievous disadvantage. Nature intends a woman to be as healthy as a man. A vigorous, cheerful, efficient woman must, as a rule, have had a childhood and girlhood developed under favorable physical conditions.

In the June Forum, Wm. O. Krohn, psychologist of the Illinois Eastern Hospital for the Insane, describes the successive periods of physical growth, and the exercises appropriate to each. A child does not develop all parts of its body at the same time. It grows first in length, then in girth, then in breadth and depth of chest, then in width and height of forehead, and in breadth and length of face. Exercises and habits adapted to one stage of growth are unsuited to another. Certain functions and groups of muscles remain inactive until the proper time. Two periods of life are especially critical, and of peculiar "storm and stress." The child of seven becomes fatigued less readily than the child of six. At eight to nine many children, hitherto bright, flatten out; later, if allowed to rest, they regain their lost prestige. Children from six to nine may well be permitted to drop out of school altogether. That is the age for joyous recreation, for light physical exercise in the open air, without strain or fatigue. But the most rapid physical growth and varied mental emotion are between the ages of twelve and fourteen. From nine to fourteen, exercises are appropriate which develop grace and agility, games that require skill but not endurance. Then follows the period of special physical development, from fourteen to twenty, which ushers in the era of maturity.

When we consider the sedentary life and close atmosphere of the school-room, to which our young girls are subjected under our present systems of education, it is no wonder that our young women so often break down in later life. What our girls need is more outdoor exercise, more freedom from mental excitement and overwork, more easy and cheerful social surroundings, longer hours of sleep, and shorter hours of study. Let them

"Whistle back the parrot's call and leap the rainbow of the broncos;" Not with blinding eyesight peering over milestones."

Not the least among the causes of the "little health" of women is the life-long letter of their dress. Long skirts are an abomination to the Lord," but compulsory on the lady. Yet much of their encumbrance is self-imposed. Only last week, as I stepped out upon the platform of a car, a lady in front of me suddenly stood perfectly still. I discovered, to my chagrin, that my foot was on her dress. Now, there is no sense in a woman sweeping Boston streets without pay! Only two days ago I met, at a reception, one of the most promising young lady writers, herself a suffragist, arrayed in a long train which should have been carried by a page. How can women, so attired, live active and healthy lives?

When the enfranchised mothers of free America have the recognized right and duty and responsibility of shaping the education of their daughters, let us hope they will save the girls from premature mental excitement and worry, and insist upon a very different educational routine. One reason why women in our newer States and Territories are easily made the political equals of the men is because the more free and less conventional conditions of their frontier lives have prepared them for the privileges of citizenship.—H. B. B.

"Elizabeth," she of the "Garden," has sent the Critic a message through her publisher, to say that it is she, and not Princess Henry of Hess, who wrote "Elizabeth and her German Garden" and "A Solitary Summer." She makes this statement because she wishes the delightful letters that she receives from her American admirers to come to her instead of going to the princess Henry. The real "Elizabeth" is the Countess von Arnim. It will interest her readers to know that there is now an August baby, making the fourth girl in "Elizabeth's" family. Readers of the "German Garden" may not have noticed that under the date of January 15 is written, "The April baby will be six next month." That is, in February. Macmillan's catalogue announces as forthcoming "The April Baby's Book of Tunes," with numerous illustrations and music.

In welcoming a recent conference of men and women to Topeka, Hon. J. A. Trautman, one of the leading citizens, said: "I am glad to see so large a proportion of ladies. I think I am more glad to see the ladies than the men. A valiant fight has been made for the recognition of women in the industrial, professional, and economic walks of life, and that battle has been measurably won in Kansas; the virgins and Jezebels have not increased, but women of thought, of influence, and power, have increased. Ladies, we welcome you."

The Earl of Chatham used to bow so low when he met a bishop that his nose could be seen between his knees. A snivily less appalling to its object marks the ascent of our Indians in the social scale. A teacher in an Arizona mission school lately noticed a big boy holding a discussion with a little girl at the door. He was explaining to her that girls should always

**Historical and Genealogical.****Notes and Queries.**

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be strictly observed:  
1. Names and addresses of the writer must be given.  
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.  
3. All queries must be consistent with clearness.  
4. Write on one side of the paper only.  
5. Addressing queries always give the date of the query and the signature.  
6. Letters addressed to contributors or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to  
E. M. THAYER,  
care Newport Illustrated Room,  
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, NOV. 17, 1900.

**NOTES.****CHRONOLOGY OF THE ISLAND OF RHODE ISLAND.**

1776. July 4. Independence declared. Celebration at Newport, July 20. Declaration read from the steps of the Court House by Major John French. He read it again on the same spot July 4, 1826.

1786. May 16. Irish, Jonathan and Constant, only sons of Charles, drowned by upsetting scowload of gravel.

1788. Judith Point. Took his name from Judith, wife of John Hull, and daughter of Edmund Quincy, of Boston. John Hull was one of the purveyors of Pethamnusset.

1788. Jan. 12. William Jeffries, Esq., died, aged 35 years.

1789. Jeffries, John, died at Newport, aged 101 years.

1790. Johnson, Augustus, Esq., died suddenly in October. He was born at Ambrose, N. J., about 1730. His mother was named Lucas—daughter of a Huguenot who lived in Newport. Her second husband was Matthew Robinson, a lawyer of Newport. He was stamp master, 1765. Was married in 1769.

1791. Jefferson, Thomas, late Governor of Virginia, came to Newport June 14.

1791. Jeffries, Captain Samuel, in schooner Polly, from Cape Francois, captured by Bermuda Pirate, Captain Jeffers and his mate recaptured the vessel and brought her into port, with prize master all crew in irons.

1791. April 14. Ray, Nathaniel, Newport, aged 30 years. He was a benefactor of Trinity Church.

1791. Kelley, Rev. Ensmus, ordained pastor of 1st Baptist Church.

1794. November 7, Rev. Ensmus Kelley died, aged 86 years.

1616. Lentini, Rev. Robert, granted 100 acres of land and a house lot in Newport, for the support of a school for youth; also 100 acres, for a school for the poor.

1790. Long wharf Company established by town of Newport.

1799. Light House at Beaver Tail, built of wood, by order of the Assembly.

1793. Light house at Beaver Tail burned, and rebuilt of stone.

1791. Lightening ignited Trinity Church and 2d Congregational Church steeple, October 26. Damage small.

1799. The Liberty, an armed sloop, commanded by Capt. Read, having seized and brought into Newport, two Connecticut vessels, a mob took possession of the sloop, and ran her ashore on the Point, scuttled and sunk her, and released the captured vessels. The boats of the Liberty were carried to the head of the town and burnt. This was the first act in the drama of the Revolution.

1792. May 28. Lopez, Anton, a Hebrew merchant, was accidentally drowned, near Providence, aged 57 years.

1793. Long Wharf Lottery granted for Hotel, etc., for \$25,000.

(To be continued.)

**QUERIES.**

1700. Cory—Jonathan Cory, born in Newport or near there in 1779. What was his parentage? He left there as early as about 1800, as he was married in New York State about 1801.—W. M. R.

1707. PLACIDE SMITH—in the last number of the MERCURY I saw the name of Placide. In 1793, which indicates a family of that name residing in Newport at that date, and presumably earlier. There are many who are looking for the first wife of Richard Smith, the son of the first Richard. Samuel was born in 1833, and from a family tree, made by Mr. Josiah Munro, of Newport, R. I., many years ago, the name of Samuel's wife is given as Placide. I have somewhere heard that Samuel's wife was first married to Edward Antill, but have no confirmation of that. It occurs to me that at the time Mr. Munro made up that chart he was in a position to get very accurate knowledge of those early people and it seems not unreasonable that in writing the name of Placide a copyist might have made it look like Placide. Does any one know anything about the Placide family? I should be glad to have any information that would perhaps lead to a clue to the wife of Samuel Smith.—A. L. W.

1708. WEEDEN—Can any one give me any information concerning Edward Weedon, who was born March 10, 1755, died in East Greenwich, R. I., and died in 1827? There is a record at East Greenwich of an Edward Weedon who was born January 29, 1755, but the old family record says March 10, 1755. Any information in regard to the parentage of Edward Weedon will be gladly received.—E. F. W.

1709. GREENE, LAWTON, BARKER—Thomas Lawton, son of William and (Greene) Lawton, was born in 1702, died September 3, 1859, married Ruth Lawton Barker, born 1788. Who were the parents of Ruth Lawton Barker? Can any one give me information concerning William Lawton and his wife—Greene? What was her Christian name and who were her parents?—J. L. F.

1710. WANTON—Who were the parents of Patience —, who married James Wanton, of Newport, R. I.? He died August 23, 1781, and a division of his property was made by order of the court in 1790. His son John Wanton was born 1718, and was drowned April

12, 1806. How many times did he marry? Can any one give me the dates of his marriages? We have record of two Abigail, one who died in 1790, and another whom he must have married not very long afterward. The second wife, who was his widow, apparently died until after 1826. Can any one give me the date of her death? Would like the maiden names of his two wives. Has any one a record of a former wife?—C. S.

1711. WOOD—Who was Mary, wife of Peleg Wood, of Peleg, of Rhode Island? She died in 1781. He was born about 1711, died May 1, 1753. Would like the ancestry of Peleg and Mary.—T. W.

1712. ALMY—Who was Sarah —, who married Joseph Almy, probably of Portsmouth or Little Compton, R. I.? Their daughter Rose Almy married William Cory, of Philip and Comfort (Hix) Cory.—A. H.

1713. SHERMAN—Benjamin Hamby married — Sherman. What was her Christian name? He was born October 20, 1783. What was her ancestry?—A. H.

1714. TURNER—William Turner of Dorchester, Mass., born 1692, married Francis —. What was her ancestry? Their son Thomas Turner, who was a soldier of Marlborough, in King Philip's War, married —. Can any one give me the name of his wife, and the dates of his birth, marriage and death? William Turner was Captain in King Philip's War, William Turner, son of Thomas, and grandson of William died 1759; his will was proved November 5, 1759. He married Patience Hall, daughter of Richard Hall, of Swansea, Mass. They were married February 1, 1711 or 12.—K. M. S.

1715. MUNRO—George Munro, son of John, married Mary Bragg, probably of Bristol, R. I. Who were their ancestors? Any information gladly received.—K. M. S.

1716. INGRAMHAM—Who was Sarah, wife of Timothy Ingramham? Their daughter Sarah Ingramham married James Wardwell, of Bristol, R. I.; and their daughter Rebecca Wardwell married Simeon Munro, son of George and Mary (Bragg) Munro, in above query. Would like the Ingramham ancestry. Has any one ever found the maiden name and ancestry of Grace, wife of Uzal Wardwell?—K. M. S.

1717. DIMAN, FINNEY—Who were the ancestors of Thomas Diman and — Finney, his wife of Bristol, R. I.? They had a daughter Lucretia Diman, born perhaps 1719, married 1741, Richard Smith, of Samuel and Sarah (Plauter) Smith, and died 1760.—K. M. S.

1718. CHILD—Jeremiah Child had a son John, who married Margery —. Who can give her ancestry? Would also like the name of Jeremiah Child's wife, and the dates of birth, marriage and death of each.—K. M. S.

1719. HALL—James Child, son of John and Margery (—) Child married Sarah Hall, of Barnard and Abigail (—) Hall. When were they married? Who were the ancestors of Barnard Hall, and what was the maiden name of his wife?—K. M. S.

1720. GAIL—Can any one give me the parentage of Nathaniel Gile or Gail? He served in Colonel Angell's Regiment during the Revolutionary war, and afterwards on a Continental frigate. Can any one tell me the name of the frigate?—J. M.

1721. ANTHONY—To what family does Anthony, John Anthony, a soldier in the Revolutionary war belong? He was afterward supported by the city of Providence on account of an illness contracted during the War.—J. M.

**ANSWERS.**

1603. GIFFORD—R. B. wishes information concerning Yelverton Gifford who lived at Jamestown, R. I., in 1712. There was a Yelverton Gifford born April 22, 1676, who moved from Massachusetts to Kingstown, R. I. Possibly this is the Yelverton Gifford inquired for. If so, I can give more information.—C. E. G., Jr.

**Block Island.**

Mr. Theodore Vaill Barton, manager of the Vaill Cottages here, has opened the Stanton House at Chattanooga, Tenn., and the local papers there speak of his hotel in the highest terms. The house was opened for dinner last Monday afternoon. Mr. Barton has with him Messrs. S. R. Sands and R. S. Payne of this town and also several heads of departments who have served in Block Island hotels. Mr. C. P. Lukens, the veteran steward of the Ocean View Hotel will fill a similar position at the Stanton. Ed Walsh, the head bellman has also passed several summers on Block Island as has James Coslow, head porter.

In speaking of the Stanton House the Chattanooga News says:

"The house has been thoroughly gone over and put in first-class shape for up-to-date hotel purposes. It has been entirely refurnished with the best and prettiest furniture, the rooms are papered in beautiful colored paper, and everything about the place is of the highest order. No pains or expenses have been spared to make it one of the best hotels in the south. The house will be steam heated throughout, have electric lights and gas lights, both fall bell and room telephone service, and the majority of the rooms have bath rooms attached. The house will have about 100 sleeping rooms, all first class."

It's always difficult for a man to understand why a woman doesn't like him.

It sometimes happens that a homely woman doubts the accuracy of mirrors.

Cupid's pictures resemble him about as much as courtship resembles marriage.

**JAMES ROGERS,**  
OF NEW LONDON, CONN.,  
AND HIS DESCENDANTS.

THIS GENEALOGY OF ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED FACES WILL BE PUBLISHED WHEN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THREE HUNDRED COPIES HAVE BEEN RECEIVED. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

JAMES S. ROGERS,  
34 Warren Street, Boston, Mass.

**A Red Son.**

Two weeks ago Mr. Christopher Rhodes, Secretary of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of American Revolution, asked the Sunday Journal to ascertain if there were now living in Rhode Island any sons of men who served in the Revolution that were not known to his society. At that time the Journal could only say that it was commonly supposed that Dr. Timothy Newell of this city was the only one who had that distinction.

But in a few days after the inquiry had thus been brought to public notice the fact was revealed that in the person of Capt. William Howe Church of Bristol here is an immediate son of the Revolution, who has just passed his 90th birthday and is in excellent health for a man of his years. One hundred and seventeen years ago the War of the Revolution was brought to a close and peace was declared.

The soldiers who fought in this war on the side of liberty and independence have long gone to their eternal home, and it is no wonder that their sons now living are scarce. Yet here is a man that can look back on almost a century of existence and relate interesting anecdotes connected with the War of the Revolution as told by his father, long since dead.

Capt. William H. Church, the only immediate son of the Revolution residing in Bristol, or, for that matter, in Bristol county, is one of the very few surviving deep water shipmen of Bristol, and, furthermore, is the fifth in direct descent from Capt. Benjamin Church, the celebrated Indian fighter, who in the days of Plymouth colony waged a successful war against the Wampanoags, who were headed by King Philip, who according to tradition was brought to bay and slain by one of Capt. Church's Indian soldiers in the swamp at Mount Hope.

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Capt. William H. Church first saw the light of day June 28, 1810. He was the son of the late Thomas and Mary (Tripp) Church. His father was born at Papplequash in February, 1760, and grew up on his father's farm until 17 years of age. It was then 1777. The Lexington and Concord incidents were matters of the past and the news of the battle of Bunker Hill had been carried to most points in New England. Thomas Church enlisted and was a soldier for the period of 17 months, serving at Bristol, Newport and other parts of the State in the Continental regiment of Col. Miller.

After he was discharged from the service he drew pension from the United States Government dating from October 7, 1838. Later his wife drew a pension from the Government. Thomas Church was a man of means, being a merchant in Bristol and prominently identified with the shipping industry in that place. He owned, in company with other members of his family, various ships when Bristol was noted as a shipping port. He died in Bristol in 1844.

Hudson, Capt. William H. Church, the present nonagenarian, attended the schools of the town in which he was born and then followed the sea for livelihood, soon reaching the position of master. His sea experience covered a period of 35 years, during which time he commanded a number of square-rigged vessels on foreign voyages in the employment of his father's firm, Thomas Church & Sons of Bristol, long years ago prominent ship owners. Capt. Church sailed as master on many voyages to Cuba, Porto Rico and other islands in the Caribbean Sea, besides making occasional trips to Europe. He commanded the charque Empress, the ship Gov. Fenner, the ship Charlotte and various other crafts. He made one whaling cruise on a Bristol whaler, lasting a year, but did not like the occupation as well as he did the mercantile service. He acted in the capacity of supercargo and purchasing agent on board Bristol ships on West India voyages for a period of 15 years, and retired from active business 20 years ago, living on a farm at Bristol until within a few years.

Capt. Church is a deacon in the First Congregational church of Bristol and has been a member there for 45 years. His line of descent is traced back easily to the early Colonial period, when Capt. Benjamin Church was distinguishing himself as an Indian fighter.

The line is as follows: Capt. Benjamin Church; his son, Edward Church; his son Samuel Church; his son, Thomas Church, and his son, Capt. William Howe Church.

The funeral of Isaac G. White was solemnized from his late residence, Pinckney Neck, Saturday afternoon, the Rev. Charles O. Parker, pastor of the Congregational church, officiating. There was a very large attendance. The interment was at Hillside cemetery.

Captain Philip Grinnell, Charles E. Manchester, Abel G. Manchester and George Guy were the pall bearers. Mr. White's death removes a prominent man from the Four Corners. He was born in the year 1821, and was the youngest and only survivor of ten children of the late Gideon White.

He had good business abilities, was a successful farmer, possessing considerable real estate. He owned the wharf known as "White's wharf," where in former days the freight boats, steamers Dolphin and Queen City, used to load their passengers and freight. Mr. White was also a lumber and coal dealer. His death was the result of a shock which occurred Tuesday, 6th inst., and from which he never rallied. In politics Mr. White was a Republican; the day before election he had made arrangements to go to the town hall and cast his vote for McKinley. He leaves a widow, now in very feeble health, to mourn his loss.

By an opinion handed down in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court Thursday motion to set aside the deed in the suit of Thomas E. Tripler against Charles E. Campbell is denied. There was a deed dated June 29, 1893, from the complainant to the respondent, which the Court holds to have been a mortgage. The money due thereunder was not paid according to its terms, and on March 2, 1897, the complainant gave another deed of release and quitclaim of the premises to the respondent, which the complainant agreed to purchase, taking back another agreement in which the complainant agreed to purchase, and the respondent to sell said land to the complainant, by the payment of a certain sum on April 15, 1897.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. G. Smith are entertaining Miss Chase of Boston.

The average man has more money back of him than he can see ahead of him.

It is estimated that the world's consumption of iron this year will amount to 10,000,000 tons.

Mr. George Nelson has returned from a four weeks' gunning trip in Maine.

"I will make your name a blessing and a byword!" sangly spoke the rejected lover.

"You may make it a byword," the young lady remarked with majestic contempt, "but your own good judgment will tell you that you can't do much blessing with such a name as DeMille,"—Chicago Tribune.

Simon Hazard has sold for William Thurston of the town of Middletown a cottage and a lot of land on the north side of Thurston Avenue, this city, to the Home for Friendless Children. The lot is bounded westward, northerly and easterly by other land of the grantor, 115 feet and 100 feet respectively, and southerly by Thurston Avenue, 115 feet and contains 11,500 feet of land.

DeBlois & Eldridge have rented for Richard L. Willing his cottage on the eastern side of Red Cross Avenue to Bradford Norman for the winter.

Simon Hazard has rented to Charles Hugg Jr., the upper half of the premises No. 8 Barney street, for Gulfrey Millit.

Simon Hazard has rented for the Swinburne estate the house No. 24 Ann street to Frederic Boyce.

Simon Hazard has rented for John B. DeBlois the upper half of his house No. 9 Farewell street, to James Millington.

Simon Hazard has sold to Stephen H. Underwood and wife, of Middletown, the farm of 13 acres, situated partly on the West Main road and partly on Forrest Avenue, in Middletown, for James B. McFee, of said Middletown. Mr. Underwood intends to move to the premises this fall.

Simon Hazard has sold to Moses David for Isaac L. Sherman his farm comprising 12 acres, with buildings and improvements thereon standing, situated in the town of Middletown. It being formerly the property of the late Isaac A. Sherman. The land is bounded as follows: Northward and easterly, by land of Richard T. Smith; southward and partly by land of G. N. Smith, and westerly, by Third beach road.

DeBlois & Eldridge have